

# THE TIMES.

VOL. V. NO. 27.

GREENSBORO, N. C., JULY 7, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 231.

From the Greensboro Patriot.

#### Memoir of George C. Mendenhall.

*Memoir, followed.*

In a short notice which recently appeared in the Greensboro Patriot, touching the death of the late George C. Mendenhall, a desire was expressed, that some one fitted for the task would furnish for publication a suitable memoir, comprising a brief sketch of the life of one who was so highly esteemed for his many virtues, and who, for many years, had acted so prominent a part upon the stage of life. Fully aware that many much better qualified than myself might be found to perform this duty, nevertheless, at the solicitation of some of his most intimate friends, I have undertaken to comply with the request—and in order that the sketch might be as full and perfect as possible, I have availed myself of a long and intimate friendship and acquaintance with the family, and visited them in their affliction, and learned from them not only many facts connected with his public life and professional duties, but also the exercises of his mind and heart as manifested and exhibited in the social circle of home.

George C. Mendenhall was the youngest son of George and Judith Mendenhall, of James town, Guilford county, N. C. He lost his father at an early age, and was brought up by his mother, a pious widow, in the Society of Friends. Left with a small estate, by his own exertions, with the aid of his mother and elder brothers, he obtained a plain and substantial education, and was enabled to read law with Hon. Thomas Scott and Hon. John M. Dick, and came to the Bar about the age of 21 years, about 1818. By his industry, energy and fidelity, he soon secured a large and lucrative practice in an extensive circuit.

In 1821, he married Eliza W. Dunn, a pious and estimable lady, who died about twelve months thereafter, leaving one child—James Rudlin Mendenhall.

In 1828-29-30, he was a member of the State Legislature in the House of Commons.

In 1832, he married Delphina E. Gardner, a highly intelligent and eminently pious lady—a member of the Society of Friends.

In the legislative councils he was liberal, practical and conservative. An ardent friend of education and internal improvement, he spared no effort to advance the interest of his State, by aiding and fostering these two important sources of enlightened civilization and national greatness. He was a special advocate of common schools, and ever cherished a lively interest in those of a higher grade.

In 1840, he was appointed trustee of the University. In 1844, was elected president of the board of trustees of Greensboro Female College, which position he filled for several years, with great usefulness, and resigned in consequence of other engagements. In 1857, he engaged with others in establishing a female college at his native village, and devoted his means and influence liberally to the interest of the institution until the period of his death.

In professional bearing he was highly exemplary: courteous and respectful to the court, kind and agreeable to his brethren—particularly to the younger members of the Bar—faithful and true to his client. And having a true love of his profession, he pursued it with laudable zeal and untiring industry, and his well earned acquirements gave him a distinguished rank among the eminent jurists of his time.

With the spirit of genuine hospitality, he greatly delighted in entertaining his professional brethren, his acquaintances generally, and particularly those belonging to the Society of Friends, in whose religious doctrine he acknowledged unwavering confidence. Through life he was a believer in the Christian religion, and often lamented that he had not lived in more perfect obedience to its dictates; and some who knew him best, have the consoling assurance that a few months previous to his death he experienced a decided change and was endeavoring to conform his conduct entirely to the requirements of the Christian character; and they are much strengthened in their hope from the fact that from the beginning of the present year, he seemed to be "loosed from his infirmities."

The news of his sudden and unexpected death, which happened March the 9th, by being drowned in a rapid stream on his way home, was heard with much regret throughout the State and the wide circle of his acquaintances; and the sad intelligence to his stricken family, who were awaiting his return, was most overwhelming.

In all the relations of parent and husband he was gentle, mild and affectionate. And this imperfect tribute may be appropriately closed in connection with two touching incidents, beautifully exhibiting the tender unity that dwelt in his happy home.

Before leaving home the last time, he asked his wife to write him a small poem, and gave "Water" as the theme. During his absence, she endeavored to comply with his request, and the piece written closed with lines almost prophetic, in allusion to the music of the waters.

[We have been furnished, by a friend, with a copy of the above mentioned beautiful poem, which we think appropriately inserted here in whole. **EDS. TIMES:** ]

#### THE DIAMOND OF THE FOREST.

Where breath of birds and breath of flowers give sweetness to the woodland bower,  
Where waving grass and graceful fern  
Instinctive towards a treasure turn  
And holy bend, a soft caress  
Upon the shining face to press:  
There, in a moss-lined cradle laid,  
Hid beneath the older shade,  
The diamond of the forest lies,  
And smiles beneath the smiling skies.

Child of the everlasting hills,—  
Yet, feeblest of all living ribs,  
A leaf, a straw, might turn aside  
The pathway of its silvery tide;  
But on from strength to strength it grows,  
Though rocks, though mountains interpose—  
For He who bade the mountains be,  
Hath bid the rill to seek the sea;  
And who shall stay it? On it goes,  
Till in the boundless deep it flows.

And deem not that an idler's race  
It runs, to seek a resting place:  
Come, where the bird-song gushes up  
In praise for this cold water cup;  
Come, where Saponah's\* odorous banks  
Send up the incense of their thicks;  
Where deeper, richer, lovelier green  
On beech and elm and oak is seen,  
A tenderer verdure on the pine,  
A freshness on the muscadine,  
The woodbine wears a bright glow,  
More dewy softness wears the moss,  
To point the thirsting to its wave,  
Even from its cradle to its grave.

Our rill is to a river grown,  
Its banks are changed to ponderous stone,  
And playful, glittering fishes glide  
Beneath its shelving shores to hide  
Where in the days of "long ago,"  
Whole herds of tameless buffalo,  
SAPONAH, the Indian name for Deep River



And buried in its deepest caves,  
All unseeve the day of justice,  
*The Unseen and alone our ruler!*

In her last letter, she begged to be remembered in his prayers, and when his will was opened, which went down with him, the following lines were enclosed with it:

**A MUSA'DS PRAYER.**  
Then Great and Italy Father,  
That ruleth everywhere,  
Oh harken to thy servant,  
Oh listen to his prayer;  
He prays Then to Thee for blessings  
To rest upon His soul,  
But asks Then with bleed in mercy  
His pure and guiltless wife!

Great God be always with her  
When storms and sorrows come,  
To Then forever save her  
Until Then call her home;  
Made bright her earthly journey,  
Made pure her living heart,  
And from all sin and sorrow,  
Still cause her to depart!

Bind on her brow a chaplet  
Of Thy merdes and Thy love;  
And, oh, teach her to remember  
The God who ruleth above!  
Teach her living heart be constant,  
Teach her soul the stony way,  
Which is ever ever leading  
To a bright and endless day!

Oh, listen, God of Heaven,  
To my soul dictated prayer;  
To Then scatter gone of pleasure  
Around her everywhere!  
Be Then constantly beside her,  
Till she rests within the tomb;  
And in mercy do Then guide her  
To her fair Eternal Home!

#### Louisiana Canebrake.

Canebrakes form a prevailing feature in many of the marshy regions of Louisiana, as well as in other of the southern states. The peculiar nature of the plant which there occupies the soil, renders a canebrake different from every other kind of growth. It is well known, in its dry state, throughout most parts of our country, being extensively used for fishing poles, and to some extent in manufactures.

The cane grows in one long, slender, upright stalk, from ten to twenty feet in height, giving out but a few thin leaves, especially when close together. Though hollow, it possesses great strength; for it is jointed, and the texture is compact, and the external part is formed of a hard shely substance containing silex. When green, it is also tough; and the difficulty of penetrating a canebrake at any season of the year is so great as to be but seldom attempted, except where paths have been formed, by either cutting away or trampling down the cane when young. Paths once opened, and frequently traveled, remain passable, except when overflowed by the water—a state in which many of them often lie for a considerable part of the time. But when several paths cross each other, nothing is more easy than for a passenger to lose his way; for the tops of the canes often bend over and meet above his head, so as to shut out a view even of the sky. Some idea may be formed of the peculiar appearance of a canebrake, by the illustration on this page.

**"If a man die shall he live again?"** And once a year have the daisies answered it, and every day has the morning testified, and yet the world is murmuring still "If a man die, shall he live again?"

#### The Candidates.

The Baltimore conventions have placed before the people two "National Democratic Tickets." We have selected from some of our exchanges the following brief sketches of the lives of the respective candidates, as impartially written, we presume, as the excited state of the public mind would admit of.

##### MR. BRECKINRIDGE.

John C. Breckinridge is thirty nine years old and Vice President of the United States. He is a Kentuckian, born near Lexington, January 16, 1821, and is a scholar, lawyer and soldier. For these pursuits he was educated at Centre College, Princeton, Pennsylvania Institute, and on the field in Mexico, where he served as major of infantry. After the close of the Mexican war, he returned to his practice at the bar, but was soon elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, and very soon after that again to the National House of Representatives, where he served from 1851 to 1853. During the latter period he was offered the mission to Spain by President Pierce. This was a glittering temptation to say young a man, but after a short reflection the proffer was modestly but firmly declined, because his business and personal affairs required home attention, because of his desire to withdraw for a time from public life. This purpose he obeyed until the Cincinnati convention in 1856, by its spontaneous suffrage, afterwards confirmed by the people, made him Vice President of the United States. By virtue of this office he is now presiding over the American Senate. His term of office will expire until the 3d of March, 1861, but he has already been returned to the Senate to represent the State of Kentucky from that day until March 3, 1867.

Major Breckinridge is in person about six feet high, with a little, well-knit, graceful form, moulded for activity and strength. His first election to Congress was a wonderful achievement. The district for which he was returned was the district and home of Henry Clay, a man for whom Major B. always entertained an exalted opinion. The district was Whig by a majority of sixteen hundred. His competitor, Gen. Leslie Coombs, was one of the shrewdest tacticians and ablest debaters in Kentucky. Yet, Mr. Breckinridge, beating down this heavy majority and this strong antagonist, was elected by a majority of more than five hundred. The result was a subject of remark in all political circles. In his second canvas the Whigs evinced a resolute purpose to recover the district, and brought into the field Gov. Letcher; an experienced campaigner, of great ability and established reputation, and altogether the strongest Whig in the State. The canvass was of the hottest kind, and as many will remember, the interest and excitement spread over the whole country. But the second victory of the rising young democrat was even more signal than the first.

Following this came the proffered mission to Spain and its modest declination. Then the spontaneous call to the Vice Presidency, then his election to the Senate, and now his nomination for the Presidency.

##### GENERAL LANE.

Gen. Joseph Lane, the candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Breckinridge, is a native of North Carolina, and is in the 56th year of his age. At an early age his father settled in Kentucky, but shortly afterwards the subject of this sketch settled in Indiana, where he became a mercantile clerk until 1822, when barely of age he was elected to the Legislature, and was re-elected for a period of twenty four years. In 1846, on the breaking out of the Mexican war, he resigned his seat in the Indiana Senate, and entered Captain Walker's company of volunteers as a private. He was, however, before leaving for the seat of war, unanimously elected Colonel of the Indiana Regiment, and in a few days after was appointed by President Polk as Brigadier General. He immediately joined Gen. Taylor on the Brazos.

The heroic conduct of Gen. Lane throughout the whole war, both under Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott, gained for him the proud title of the "Marion of the army." At the close of the Mexican war he returned to Indiana and followed the pursuit of a farmer, but was soon appointed Governor of Oregon, whither he proceeded overland in advance of the expedition of Col. Fremont, so many of whose men perished on the route. Gen. Lane performed the trip in six months, although several of his men,

## THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

fearful of starvation, deserted. Gen. Lane served as Governor of Oregon until the election of Gen. Taylor, when he was superseded, but soon after he was elected a delegate to Congress, and in 1850, when the territory was admitted as a State, he was elected a United States Senator, a seat he still holds.

MR. DOUGLAS.

The subject of this paragraph was born in the town of Brattleboro, in the State of Vermont, on the 23d of April, 1813, and is now in the 47th year of his age. His father, whose name he bears, was a native of Rensselaer county, in New York State, where he was a practicing physician. He died, leaving two children, one of them the subject of this notice, who was but two months old at that time.

Stephen A. Douglas, at the age of fourteen years, apprenticed himself to learn the trade of cabinet-maker, at Millbury. At this trade, he wrought for two years, and getting weary of it, he sought the means of procuring an education. He was admitted as a pupil in the Canandaigua Academy, and at the same time studied law with an attorney of that village, and while there evinced a fondness for politics. In 1833 he moved to Illinois, and for some time taught school in the village of Winchester, in that State. While engaged in teaching school he still continued his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1835. In the following year, at the age of 22 years, he was appointed State-Attorney by the Legislature, which office he resigned in 1836 to take his seat in the Legislature. He was the youngest member of the House, but soon was remarked for his industry in legislative matters.

The first position of importance which he took in legislation was in opposing the extension of the "wild cat" banking system; but the majority was opposed to his views, and the extension measure was carried. He was in favor of a measure putting the railroads completely in the power of the State. He subsequently held, for a short time, the post of Receiver of the Land office at Springfield, Ill. By this time, he became a prominent politician, and ran for Congress in 1838, but was beaten by five votes. He stumped his State for Van Buren for the Presidency in 1840. In December, 1840, he was elected Secretary of State, and in the following February was elected by the Legislature a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was subsequently twice elected as a member of Congress, but only served one term, when he was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1847. While a member of the lower House he took strong ground on the question of our Oregon boundary, and belonged at that time to the 54-40 party.

He has always been an advocate of internal improvements; favored the Mexican war; voted for the Independent Treasury bill, and has always repudiated the power of Congress on the question of citizenship in the States; opposed the Wilmot Proviso, and expressed himself in favor of the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific. He has always been a friend to the Homestead bill. During Pierce's administration the Kansas Nebraska bill came up. Mr. Douglas was chairman of the Senate Committee under which the bill came, and finally engineered the passage of that measure. This doctrine of "popular sovereignty," with other things linked together, are questions of the day well known to our readers.

In 1850 he stumped the State of Illinois for Mr. Buchanan and his indefatigable exertions the Democracy are indebted for their success in that campaign. In return for this kindness, Mr. B.'s friends used every exertion in their power to defeat Mr. Douglas in the canvass of 1852, when he was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. He has ever been a firm and unwavering Democrat, and has rendered that party more efficient service than any other statesman now living, if not even any one dead. He is well known as the "Little Giant of Democracy," and well does he merit the title.

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON.

The following sketch of Mr. Johnson, the nominee on the ticket with Judge Douglas, is condensed from the sketch of his life given in "The Historical Collections of Georgia," published in 1853. Hence, his career since that date is not given.)

Herschel V. Johnson was born in Burke Co., Georgia, in 1812. In early life he enjoyed all the facilities for intellectual improvement, which his native county afforded. He entered the University of Georgia in 1831, and was graduated in 1834. He selected the law for his profession, and opened his office in Augusta, where he acquired an extensive and lucrative practice. In June 1841, in the State convention of the Democratic party, Mr. Johnson was brought forward as the candidate for Congress, but being a member of the convention, withdrew his name and urged the election of Howell Cobb. In 1842, Mr. Johnson was unanimously selected as elector for the seventh district to support Mr. Polk. In 1848, Hon. Walter T. Colquitt having resigned his seat in the United States Senate, Gov. Towns appointed Mr. Johnson to fill the vacancy. The career of Col. Johnson in the Senate was brief, but brilliant. The distinguished statesman, Calhoun, more than once declared him the ablest man of his age, then in the Senate. In November 1849, he was elected by the legislature Judge of the Superior court for the Oconee district. In this responsible position he did not disappoint the expectations of his friends. During the excitement of the compromise measures in 1850, Georgia was divided into two parties; the Union and the Southern Rights. Mr. Johnson threw himself into the ranks of the latter, but when Georgia, in her State convention, resolved to accede in the compromise,

he was among the first to declare the causes which led to the organization of the Southern Rights party, had ceased to exist. In 1853, Judge Johnson was nominated and elected Governor of Georgia. As a public speaker, Gov. Johnson enjoys an enviable reputation. On the hustings he has few equals. As a man, his public and private character is without stain, and at the age of 28 years, without any advantageous circumstances to aid him, by mere force of talent and weight of character, he has won his way to a proud distinction among the leading spirits of his country.

MR. DOUGLAS' LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

The following is Mr. Douglas' letter to the Committee, accepting the nomination for the Presidency:

GENTLEMEN:—In accordance with the verbal assurance which I gave you when you placed in my hands the authentic evidence of my nomination for the Presidency by the National Convention of the Democratic party, I now send you my formal acceptance.

Upon a careful examination of the platform of principles adopted at Charleston and reaffirmed at Baltimore, with an additional resolution which is in perfect harmony with the others, I find it to be a faithful embodiment of the time-honored principles of the Democratic party, as the same were proclaimed and understood by all parties in the Presidential contests of 1816, 1828 and 1856. Upon looking into the proceedings of the Convention also, I find that the nomination was made with great unanimity, in the presence and with the concurrence of more than two-thirds of the whole number of delegates, and in exact accordance with the long-established usages of the party.

My inflexible purpose not to be a candidate nor accept the nomination in any contingency, except as the regular nominee of the National Democratic party, and in that case only upon conditions that the usages as well as the principles of the party should be strictly adhered to, had been proclaimed for a long time and become well known to the country. These conditions having all been complied with by the free and voluntary action of the Democratic masses and their faithful representatives, without any agency, interference or procurement on my part, I feel bound in honor and duty to accept the nomination.

In taking this step, I am not unmindful of the responsibilities it imposes; but with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, I have faith that the people will comprehend the true nature of the issue involved and eventually maintain the right. The peace of the country and the perpetuity of the Union have been put in jeopardy by attempts to interfere with and control the domestic affairs of the people in the Territories, through the agency of the Federal Government. If the power and duty of Federal interference be concluded, two hostile parties must be the inevitable result. The one instilling the passions and ambition of the North, and the other of the South, and each struggling to use the Federal power and authority for the aggrandizement of its own section at the expense of the equal rights of the other, and in derogation of those fundamental principles of self-government which were firmly established in this country by the American Revolution as the basis of our entire Republican system.

During the memorable period in our political history, when the advocates of Federal intervention upon the subject of slavery in the Territories had well nigh precipitated the country into revolution, the Northern interventionists demanding the Wilmot proviso for the prohibition of slavery, and the Southern interventionists, then few in number and without a single representative in either House of Congress, insisting upon Congressional legislation for the protection of slavery, in opposition to the wishes of the people in either case, it will be remembered that it required all the wisdom, power and influence of a Clay and a Webster and a Cass, supported by conservative and patriotic men—Whig and Democrat—of that day, to devise and carry out a line of policy which would restore peace to the country and stability to the Union. The essential living principle of that policy, as applied in the legislation of 1850, was and now is *non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories*. The application of this just and equitable principle restored harmony and fraternity to a distracted country.

If we now depart from the wise and just policy which produced these happy results and permit the country to be again distracted, if not precipitated into revolution by a sectional contest between proslavery and anti-slavery interventionists, where shall we look for another Clay, another Webster, or another Cass to pilot the ship of State over the breakers into the haven of peace and safety? The Federal Union must be preserved. The Constitution must be maintained inviolate in all its parts. Every right guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected by law in all cases where legislation is necessary to its enjoyment. The judicial authority, as provided in the Constitution, must be sustained, and its decisions implicitly obeyed and faithfully executed. The laws must be administered and the constitutional authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance suppressed.

These things must all be done with firmness, impartiality and fidelity, if we expect to enjoy and transmit, unimpaired, to our posterity that blessed inheritance which we have received in trust from the patriots and sages of the Revolution.

With sincere thanks for the kind and agreeable manner in which you have made known to me the action of the Convention, I have the

honor to be, very respectfully, your friend and fellow-citizen, S. A. DOUGLAS.

## The Protest of the President.

The protest against the action of the Corrode Committee, sent to the House by President Buchanan on Monday, repeats the line of argument used in a previous and similar protest. In conclusion, the President says:

Should the House, by the institution of Code committees, votes of censure, and other devices to harass the President, reduce him to subservience to their will, and render him their creature, then the well-balanced Government which our fathers framed will be annihilated. This conflict has already been commenced in earnest by the House against the Executive.—

A bad precedent rarely if ever dies. It will, I fear, be pursued in the time of my successors, no matter what may be their political character. Should secret committees be appointed with unlimited authority to range over all the words and actions, and, if possible, the very thoughts of the President, with a view to discover something in his past life prejudicial to his character from parasites and informers, this would be an ordeal which scarcely any man can stand. The fall could endure. It would be to subject him to a reign of terror from which the stoutest and purest heart might shrink. I have passed triumphantly through this ordeal. My vindication is complete. The committee have reported no resolution looking to an impeachment against me; no resolution of censure; not even a resolution pointing out any abuses in any of the Executive Departments of the Government to be corrected by legislation. This is the highest commendation which could be bestowed on the heads of these Departments. The sovereign people of the States will, however, I trust, save my successors, whoever they may be, from any such ordeal. They are frank, bold, and honest. They detest traitors and informers. I, therefore, in the name and as the representative of this great people, and standing upon the ramparts of the Constitution which they "have ordained and established," do solemnly protest against these unprecedented and unconstitutional proceedings.

There was still another committee raised by the House on the 6th March last, on motion of Mr. Board, to which I had not the slightest objection. The resolution creating it was confined to specific charges which I have ever since been ready and willing to meet. I have at all times invited and defied fair investigation upon constitutional principles. I have received no notice that this committee have ever proceeded to the investigation.

Why should the House of Representatives desire to encroach on the other Departments of the Government? Their rightful powers are ample for every legitimate purpose. They are the impeaching body. In their legislative capacity it is their most wise and wholesome prerogative to institute rigid examinations into the manner in which all departments of the Government are conducted, with a view to reform abuses, to promote economy, and to improve every branch of administration.—Should they find reason to believe, in the course of their examinations, that any grave offence had been committed by the President, or any officer of the Government, rendering it proper in their judgment to resort to impeachment, their course would be plain.—They would then transfer the question from their legislative to their accusatory jurisdiction, and take care that, in all the preliminary judicial proceedings preparatory to the vote of articles of impeachment, the accused should enjoy the benefit of cross-examining the witnesses, and all the other safeguards with which the Constitution surrounds every American citizen.

If it is a legislative investigation it should appear that the public interest required the removal of any officer of the Government, no President has ever existed who, after giving him a fair hearing, would hesitate to apply the remedy. This I take to be the ancient and well-established practice. An adherence to it will best promote the harmony and the dignity of the intercourse between the co-ordinate branches of the Government, and render us all more respectable both in the eyes of our own countrymen and foreign nations.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

## REV. DR. BELLOW'S.

This windy New York divine has been recently refreshing the people of Cincinnati with a blast from his instrument. His reverence is always blowing up something or other, and this time it was "J. B." of Washington.

From the text, "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a secure foundation," he proved that the President of the United States is a great rascal. This was the most prominent part of his Cincinnati performance, except his opening prayer, which is pronounced by one of the Cincinnati papers "a finished and artistic piece of execution," which, no doubt, elicited repeated rounds of applause.

Dr. Bellows is the same divine who, not long ago, demonstrated the importance of the modern drama as a school of morals, and who has since been canonized as their patron saint by the members of that profession. He has also distinguished, or rather extinguished, himself, by a utopian attempt to establish a

Church which should take in all sects on certain broad principles, allowing liberty in non-essential differences of belief. The various sects refused to be "taken in," each insisting that its own gauge was broad enough for the wants of all traveling Zionards, and while the

Doctor was very welcome to their track, they would not switch on to his. Since that time, we have heard very little of this Bellows ecclesiastical, except an occasional puff at a New England dinner, or a felicitous prayer to some admiring audience.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

## AN EXCITING SCENE WITH MR. RAREY.

The most exciting scene we ever witnessed was what we may fairly call a mortal combat between man and the horse. A powerful and most beautiful thoroughbred stallion was introduced into the arena. The horse looked round the audience, stood on his hind legs, plowed up the ground, and presented the most vivid picture of a wild and fierce animal. He literally roared in fury, and kicked out of pure viciousness. He snapped at the spectators, snapped at the groom and Mr. Rarey, and actually bit his own flesh severely in his passion. He tore to pieces every strap which was placed upon him, hurling the groom, who had come to Mr. Rarey's assistance, ignominiously the whole length of the arena. At one time the horse broke clear away from all, and stood for a moment as a conscious victor in the midst of the excited audience.

Mr. Dyer and Mr. Farrell both came to Mr. Rarey's help, but they were utterly unable to hold the animal. He scattered every man and everything around him like chaff. He was bathed in a white foam, and sending up rolling clouds of vapor from his body. At one moment he tossed up the straw wildly, at another he sent the strong barriers flying in all directions, and for some time he stood the complete personification of diabolical fury in the arena, roaring furiously, and tearing at the barriers with his teeth. Mr. Rarey, having washed his hands and rested for a few minutes, again ventured to approach him. Then began a contest such as no one who witnessed it can ever forget. It was a struggle of art and tact against overwhelming strength. Whoever saw that combat could never be skeptical as to the wonderful power of Mr. Rarey. For fully an hour the battle, for it was nothing else, continued: now the man had gained the victory, now the horse; and the animal, touching the earth, seemed to derive fresh strength from every fall. At last Mr. Rarey extemporized a strap from the fragments of the broken bridle, and had gained his first step to conquest; still the horse fought furiously, rising in the air, and plowing in all directions, endeavoring to bite his assailant or trample him down. It gave one some idea of the animating scenes of the Roman amphitheatre to see a compact, slight, but sinewy man confronting so furious and vicious an animal. A long struggle ensued, but eventually the horse was fairly beaten out, and lay down panting and thoroughly subdued.—*Irish Times*.

## WHAT A SMALL BEGINNING MAY EFFECT.

The Boston Advertiser (Rep.) furnishes the following interesting reminiscence:

At a recent political meeting in Cambridge, an advocate of the Bell and Everett ticket related the following as an example of what may be done, even with a small beginning. "Some forty years ago," said he, "when I was a young man, residing in Brighton, I received a circular calling for meetings to be held to choose delegates to Lexington, to nominate a candidate for Congress. I published the notice, and the meeting was held. Two persons were present—a friend and myself. We organized, and he voted for me and I voted for him, and we both attended the Lexington Convention as delegates. At the old Monroe Tavern we met six other delegates, and in a room of that tavern we nominated our candidate, whom afterwards our party sent to the House. The man of our choice was then Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and that was the commencement of his long and honorable public career. His name was Edward Everett."

## SUCCESS OF CAMELS IN THE SOUTH.

The experiments thus far with the camels introduced into Texas, and other parts of the South, may be said to be successful. At first it was supposed they could only be useful in traversing the great deserts and plains in the interior of the Continent, where there is a deficiency of water. They could cross a desert of a hundred miles without water and without stopping. This, of itself, would be accomplishing much. But it now appears that this useful animal has been introduced on plantations with advantage, having double the strength of the mule or horse. Whether hitched to a plough or a wagon, he does equally well, and can carry on his back as much grain as can conveniently be packed in a two-horse wagon.

## THE NEW COMET.

The new comet, which has recently appeared, was noticed last week from the Cambridge (Mass.) Observatory. Prof. G. P. Bond says,

The present comet promises well; its nucleus is as bright as a star of the fourth magnitude; well concentrated, and has appended to it a narrow tail, but little curved, and rising vertically from the horizon, like a faint streamer of the Aurora. Astronomers will wait with interest for the determination of the elements of this comet. Three nights' observations will be needed before its future path and appearance can be predicted.

## FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.

There was a skirmish on the 2d June between 300 men, under Col. Jack Hayes, and 500 Indians. After running fight of two or three hours the Indians were defeated, with a loss of twenty-five killed. Capt. Story, of the volunteers, was mortally wounded. Two of the men were killed and four wounded.

The bodies of Major Ormsby and 20 of his men were found on the field where they fell. The dumb eloquence of that limb spoke more powerfully than "words that burn."

## A Corner for the Little Ones.

BY LAURA L. OF LANG SYNE, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN.  
REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.  
BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Remember thy Creator now.  
While youth and hope blame thy braw,  
Ere yet the days of darkness come,  
And pleasure from thy path hath flown,  
Or ere the blossoms of the spring,  
For thee no thrill of joy shall bring.

Remember now—His love and care  
Surround thy footstep everywhere,  
Ere yet the days and years draw nigh,  
When thou with many a tear and sigh  
Wilt mourn the faded joys of earth;  
Add not to this the spirit's death.

Remember now—while love's low voice,  
And gentle tones thy heart rejoice;  
The time may come when thou shalt know  
His soothing balm no more below,  
When nothing save the hope of Heaven  
Shall soothe thy soul with anguish riven.

Remember thy Creator now—  
Ere grief and time shall mar thy braw,  
Ere thou shalt feel the soul's unrest  
Rankle and writh within thy breast;  
No joy will then remain for thee  
Save faith and trust in Deity.

## THE ALARM CLOCK.

I have an alarm-clock in my room, which makes so much noise every morning at five o'clock I am forced to open my eyes directly. It is an excellent means of awakening me early, and enabling me to gain the precious morning hours. It is so, however, only on one condition: and that is, that I rise at once whenever I hear the sound.

One morning, instead of getting out of bed at once at the call of the clock, I hesitated, felt lazy, turned round, and fell asleep again. At the following morning I scarcely listened to the sound at all; and in a few days more, although the clock continued to sound at the usual hour, I did not even hear it.

That is strange, you will perhaps say; strange or not, it is true. I ceased even to wake, because I had neglected for some time to arise at the call of my alarm.

We have an alarm-clock within ourselves. It is our conscience. Conscience rouses us, warns us what we ought to do and what we ought to shun. But we must listen and obey at its very first call. We must stop at once when conscience says, "Stop;" and we must set to work at once when conscience says, "Go and be active." If we once refuse to listen, we will refuse more easily the second time, and length conscience will speak in vain.—we shall not even fear its voice, and we will go on unawarned from sin to sin. Of this the following is an example.

A young man, name I Robert, had at one time listened faithfully to the voice of his conscience; but by degrees he began to turn away from the right path, and to become unfaithful in little things. In vain did his conscience say to him, "Robert, what are you going to do evil: abstain from it!" He listened not to the warning. From neglect to neglect, from faults of omission to faults of commission, he proceeded onward in evil, until at last he was led to all sense of right, that he broke into a shop by night to steal the money from the till. He was discovered, arrested, imprisoned, tried and banished.

If we wish to hear the voice of conscience ever speaking clearly and distinctly to us, we must do these things:—We must keep our alarm-clock, that is, our conscience, always in a good state, by the study of the word of God and prayer; then, when it speaks, we must listen attentively and obey at once.—*Sunday School Banner*.

## I HAD A LITTLE SISTER.

"I had a little sister, but she died," said a little boy, in my Sabbath School class.

It was his first day in the school. He had noticed a boy pass up the aisle, leading his little sister by the hand, which caused him to make the remark.

## Times' Correspondence.

Boston, June 29th, 1860.

The pleasures and comforts of city life—Visit to the Opera  
The Regatta—Splendid exhibitions of skill and strength  
—The "Japoners"—Cambridge—The Baltimore Convention—The question before us.

We had the extreme felicity the other night of attending the Opera and hearing some magnificent music from Frezzolini, the famous prima donna, in her personation of Lucia di Lammermoor. To our untutored ear her singing and acting seemed exceedingly fine, producing the strong parts of the play in the most truthful and affecting manner; in all of which she was finely sustained by the rest of the company and the orchestra. Amadio, who acted her brother Henry Ashton, sang well; but he is very short and fat and the kilt and leggings he wore set off these qualifications charmingly. The house was crowded with the aristocracy and beauty of the city, and the whole formed such a treat as does not fall in one's way every day. The other prima donna is Fabbri, a new star, whom fame speaks highly of; she and the first named have been entertaining our city for a week past. On Saturday noon they gave a grand gala matinée. Besides the Opera we have the usual Theatres and Concerts, and the world renowned "Tom Thumb" is again holding his levees. Saturday evening, also, there was a regatta on Charles river for a silver cup, given by the gentlemen of Beacon Street and two other races for smaller prizes; it was a most exciting scene; the smooth river, crowded with craft, souls and boats of all sizes, many of them decked with flags and skimming and shooting about in all directions; the gay colors of the rows and their cheerful voices making up a living picture most pleasant to behold. The Harvard boys took the prize in the last and most important race for 4 and 6 oared boats, bringing in their boat in most beautiful style a long ways ahead of their competitors. Much attention is paid by the young men here to the subject of gymnastics with the most beneficial results, both in regard to their physical and moral improvement; Dr. Winship who is said to be the strongest man in the world resides here and by his examples and lectures has done much for the cause. There was also a splendid race yesterday at South Boston for yachts and row-boats, which was attended by thousands of happy people; bands of music enlivened the intervals and every body enjoyed himself or herself to the very summit of felicity.

Our citizens have not yet given up all hopes of seeing the "Japs," although our enterprising neighbors of New York seem to have bent all their energies to deprive us of the privilege; they have already succeeded in inducing the Great Eastern to visit them in preference to going to Portland, even after the last named city had made great and expensive preparations to receive her. The metropolis has long been celebrated for her energy and enterprise; by these means she has succeeded in concentrating the trade of the world, so that all the nations pour their tributary streams of wealth into her lap; this city too is waking up, exerting her mighty powers and stretching forth her hands to grasp the fruits of her honest toil.

Over in Cambridge last week the collegiates and their friends had a pleasant time; they had there and then what they call "class day," answering in some respects to what we term "Commencement;" there were processions, speeches and poems delivered "in public on stage," besides many whist-plays in private under the shady alcoves; then they had a dinner and a dance on the greensward, which closed the pleasant labors of the day; great was the company of the damsels, for they overflowed the cars and made the old streets merry with laughter, as they rode along; they invaded the classic shades with their armies in crinoline, took many a captive bound in rosy fetters and, returning to Boston, overflowed Bowdoin square like a wave of the sea.

The Baltimore Convention of course is the theme which employs all thoughts and enlivens all tongues; it is a subject which presents many painful aspects and in whatever light it may be viewed is well calculated to excite the gravest apprehensions in the breast of every thoughtful man; the delegates from our own state, doubtless actuated by reasons which seemed to them sufficient, have seceded with a number of others, formed a separate convention and nominated a set of candidates of their own. Of the causes which impelled them to the separation we have nothing to say; this is not the arena on which such questions should be discussed; but we hope and trust that they are such as are based on broad and patriotic grounds and not those which rest on the unstable foundation of personal disappointment or political revenge; we trust that none of the seceders have been induced, driven or persuaded by a blind obedience to party leaders or by the arbitrary commands of the great ones in power at Washington. The country now presents the anomalous spectacle of four separate parties, all having their candidates in the field, as aspirants for Presidential honors, at the same time; three of these parties cannot and do not claim to be any other than sectional; only one standing on the broad national and conservative platform of the Constitution and the Union, our Laws and Liberties. It is fearful to think how wild, how mad and blind partisan zeal has become and to what deplorable excesses it can drive its votaries when Douglas who but a few years ago was one of the most popular leaders and was regarded as such by all the party, now has become so odious in the eyes of the President and his friends, that a large proportion of the delegates break

up their organization and destroy their chances of success, rather than nominate him, preferring defeat and destruction without him to victory under his banner. P. S. S.

BALTIMORE, June 23d, 1860.

Dear Times.—Agreeable to promise, I now throw you out a line. I am in the Monumental City, safe and sound,—arrived here this morning. The city is alive with the excitement growing out of the Democratic Convention, now in session here. "Douglas," and "Convention, Convention," are words in everybody's mouth. I stopped here with the expectation of seeing the "lions," but, like some of the delegates, have not yet been able to gain admittance. So far, the Convention has done nothing but dispute about contested seats and credentials. The committee on credentials brought in three reports yesterday—one majority and two minority! One of the minority reports was signed by but one man—Mr. Gittings of Md.; the other was rejected this morning by a majority of about fifty votes—there being about two hundred votes cast. This evening the majority report was adopted by the Convention, whereupon a large majority of the Southern and a number of the Northern delegates withdrew. The Charleston Convention was quite a harmonious meeting when compared to this. The end is not yet.

I don't think that I would like to live long in a city. The eternal *dia* of carts, cars, wagons, wheelbarrows, buggies, &c., has kept my head aching all the evening. I cannot give my country friends a better idea of the confused noise which continually salutes one's ears than to compare it to the roaring of many waters and the sound of ten thousand steam saw mills!

I went up this evening to Westminster Church to see the grave of Edgar A. Poe, but owing to the absence of the sexton, could not obtain admittance within the palings. If I do not leave town in the morning, I intend to make another effort.

Saturday, 23d.

I went this evening again to search for Poe's grave; but—though I this time succeeded in getting access to the grave-yard—without success. I was told by Mr. Marks, who has charge of the cemetery, and who took great pains to show me over it, that it was *somewhere back of the church!* I enquired of a great number, but found none able to give me any satisfactory information. What a comment upon human nature! What a lesson to those aspiring to literary fame! Not even a slate rock or fine slab to mark the resting place of one of the most brilliant geniuses of the nineteenth century! But, surely, the *literati* of our country—especially of the South—will not suffer his memory to be thus neglected much longer. I hope this story will be again repeated—"nevermore!"

The people of Baltimore look remarkably healthy—the fairer portion especially so. I have had an opportunity of seeing a very large number of the latter, who were in attendance on the Convention. Yesterday and to-day the streets have been almost literally alive with crinoline—shopping and going to and returning from the Convention; not to say anything of the thousands who are conveyed hither and thither on the cars. The ladies of Baltimore are not only healthy looking, but, as a general thing, pretty.

Night.—We have had two National Democratic Conventions to-day. Convention No. 1 nominated Douglas for President, and Convention No. 2 have placed before the people the name of Breckinridge for that office. So we have four candidates for the Presidency. I was in the Seceding Convention. It was composed of delegates from more than twenty States. The Hon. Caleb Cushing presided over both Conventions. Mr. Cushing is a much younger man than I had expected to see. He is, I would suppose, between fifty and sixty.

EDGAR ORVILLE.

New York, June 26 1860.

Dear Times:—I arrived in Gotham yesterday morning, and without "let or hindrance" entered the city and took my "position" there. After resting awhile, I went out and looked at the "elephant" and would fain describe the animal to your numerous readers, but have not time now. Suffice it to say that I found him to be a "baste" of huge proportions and varied accomplishments. I will tell more about him hereafter—it will not do, you know, to tell all one knows at one time. By-the-way it is likely that I may have several small chats with your readers while I remain here, I would have it understood in the outset that I do not write for the benefit of those who are already familiar with city life; but exclusively for the edification and amusement of those of my country friends whose occupations compel them to remain at home.

Last night the Japanese excitement reached its culminating point in the grand ball given the ambassadors at Bibb's Gardens. The entertainment was said to have been a stupendous and truly magnificent affair—excelling in brilliancy the grandest conceptions of oriental splendor. There were over ten thousand persons present, and as many, perhaps who tried to obtain admittance without success. Some tickets sold second-hand as high as \$30. I did not try to get in, knowing the bootless-ness of the effort. This morning's Herald describes it as the grandest and most magnificent ball ever given in New-York, or in fact anywhere else.

While I sojourned in Baltimore the cry was "Douglas," "Douglas" while here it is nothing but "Japanese," "Japanese," especially

in the vicinity of the Metropolitan. I saw three of them on Broadway yesterday, and another to-day, but did not have a good opportunity of examining them critically. I saw enough, however, to convince me that they belong to the *human species*; or are in a greater or less degree related thereto! Yours Truly,

EDGAR ORVILLE.

New York, June 29th, 1860.

I have seen her!—the Great Eastern! No, I am not dreaming at all—I saw her this evening with my own eyes! She is even now lying in the Hudson, at the foot of Hammond & Bleeker streets. Two hundred thousand persons can bear testimony to this fact. How does she look? Your curious reader will say: and not to keep them in suspense, I will tell them, "to the best of my knowledge and belief." Well, she looks sorter like a ship, and sorter like the Great Eastern! She is ever so big. New York, but I can't tell you *how* big she is, no more than the little frog could tell its mother how big the great ox was who had trod to death one of her young. This much, however, I will venture to say, and that is, that she is a quarter of a mile long, and so high that the men on deck, when viewed from below, *look no bigger than monkeys!*—whom they somewhat resemble, as they climb and crawl about from point to point. She is not open for public inspection yet—we must be content for the present with seeing the hull and masts and wheels.

This aquatic monster arrived at the dock yard yesterday evening amid the firing of cannon and the enthusiastic cheers and shouts of the immense multitude assembled to greet her coming. This morning's Herald estimates the number present yesterday evening at not less than fifty thousand; and to-day the streets leading to the wharf presented a continual stream of people going to and returning from it.

And besides this, the river was decked with ships and boats covered over with the ensigns, all eager to get a look at this forty-teighth wonder of the world. Every town and city within forty or fifty miles around, have contributed their quota to the occasion. Even now while I write, the joy of the people is exhibited in the continual booming of cannon.

Well may the Japanese embark for home to-morrow! Their day is over—the New Yorkers are too fickle a people to worship long at one shrine. Pity they had not left before the arrival of the Great Eastern—then they might have escaped the mortification of having been eclipsed. How we do jump from one excitement to another! Only a few days ago the National Democratic Convention was the all absorbing topic. Then came the great entertainment given the Japanese Embassy at the Metropolitan; and now, before we have hardly had time to draw a long breath, the Great Eastern excitement is over.

I am, as ever, Yours truly,

EDGAR ORVILLE.

GEN. HOUSTON.

A Texas paper says of Gen. Sam Houston that he looks in feeble health and the wreck of what was but a few years ago vigor and strength. He now goes upon a crutch, the cause of lameness in one of his ankles—the effect of a wound received at San Jacinto.

HEAVY LOSS.

R. F. McGinty, sheriff of Jefferson county, Miss., was robbed of \$10,000 in Vicksburg, on the 11th, while sleeping in a room at the Washington Hotel. As soon as he had discovered his loss he attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but friends interfered, and prevented the accomplishment of his design.

THE SEASON IN EUROPE.

The year 1860 will prove decidedly one of the coldest and stormiest that Europe has seen for long time. Tempests succeed tempests, and freezing winds follow diluvial rain. "We are in June," says a Parisian writer, "yet it feels more like March." This inclemency of the weather causes some fears for the growing crops, and within a few days a rise of nearly three francs has taken place in the price of flour.

POLITICAL.

Gen. Starkie, who was recently Commissioner from Mississippi to Virginia, on behalf of a Southern Conference, has declared his purpose to support Bell and Everett. A campaign paper, called the *Battery*, in the interest of Messrs. Bell and Everett, will be issued in Washington next week.

THE CAPTURED AFRICANS.

A letter from Key West, Fla., of the 21st June, says: The three cargoes of negroes are getting along very well; the reduced and attenuated by disease drop off, and up to this date 199 have been buried.

Professor Lowe ascended from Philadelphia Friday evening, in his manumit balloon, the "New York," and landed at 9 o'clock in Medway, New Jersey.

The imports of dry goods at New York for the year ending the 30th ult. have reached the enormous figure of \$107,843,205.

New peaches, tomatoes, and watermelons, are in the Augusta (Ga.) market.

## Miscellaneous News Items.

## CONFESION OF REV. MR. HARDEN.

The Rev. Jacob S. Harden, under sentence of death at Belvidere, N. J., for the murder of his wife, has made a confession acknowledging his guilt. The Rev. Mr. Day, of the M. E. Church, announced Sunday evening, at his church in Belvidere, the fact of the confession, and desired the prayers of the meeting in behalf of the condemned and penitent criminal. This announcement caused a great sensation in the church. The Rev. Mr. Kirk made a touching prayer in behalf of the condemned. Gov. Oiden has respite Harden until the 6th of July. The Trenton *American* says Harden is writing his confession now, and adds:

The administering of the poison to his wife commenced on her return to Ramsey's, and was given to her while sitting on his knee, even during the endearments of an apparently loving wife. He kindly invited her to partake of an apple, on which he had spread arsenic. She unsuspecting eat it remarking that it appeared to have something gritty on it. He replied that it was "nothing." There are statements said to have been made by the prisoner, involving his criminality with others who shared his affections, but we do not think it proper to speak of them until Harden chooses to make them public himself. His purchase of the arsenic at Eastern, his using that which was about the house, are all confirmed by Harden's own words. What is most astonishing is the statement that in the perpetration of these enormities, Harden does not seem to have the slightest compunctions. He did them without once thinking that he was doing anything very dreadful.

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The report of the M. W. Grand Patriarch of the National Division of Sons of Temperance gives the following information in regard to the progress of the order:

In twelve years previous to and including 1859, there have been initiated 756,847 members, or an average of 63,000 per annum. These members have paid into their subordinate divisions, in the twelve years, the sum of \$5,084,477. The subordinate divisions have paid to sustain their grand divisions \$174,783. The grand divisions have paid to sustain the national division the sum of \$20,700. In these twelve years \$1,415,455 have been paid for benefits to members in sickness.

## MECHANICAL APPOINTMENT TO JAPAN.

John Dudley, Esq., for many years one of the head workmen of the Washington arsenal, has been appointed by the government to go to Japan with the returning embassy, and superintend the putting up the various articles of machinery presented by the United States and her citizens.

## THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

It is said that the people of Spain are becoming considerably excited against the United States, in consequence of our seizure of the ships of Vera Cruz, and, being somewhat elated by their Morocco successes, are determined to make our government disavow the act of capturing the two steamers, or fight for it. Their journals are also discussing projects for the invasion of Mexico, which may bring them in collision with the United States, and they have other causes of grievance, which their government, it is rumored, will call upon our own to walk up at once and settle.

A New York journal expresses the hope that these reports may prove well founded, and that Spain will at once proceed to a settlement of accounts with us. Our citizens say this journal, have not yet been paid for the hundreds of thousands of extra duties they were plundered of by faithless changes in the Cuban tariff after the hurricane of 1844; the insults to our Consuls have not yet been apologized for—Mr. Cross, imprisoned at Matanzas; Mr. Sewall, driven from St. Jago; Mr. West, imprisoned and plundered at Sagua; Mr. Thompson, insulted and compelled to hide the American arms at the same place; the Georgiana and Susan Loud, American ships, captured at Contoy, in the waters of Mexico, and condemned flagitiously; our mail steamships, fired into and seized; and a long list of individual citizens arrested, fined, maltreated, plundered, and driven from their innocent and peaceful occupations in Cuba, through the ignorance and malice of Spanish officials.

## ON THE ROAD TO THE PEAK.

A party of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state that, by accurate count and record, they met 4,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and 1,500 more between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going west. They say it looked like a village the whole way, from the number of teams and people. As each team was attended by from four to ten persons, there must have been thirty thousand en route to the gold regions beyond the frontiers.

## FIRST OF THE SEASON.

The first new wheat of the season was sold in Petersburg, Va., Friday, at \$1.40. The wheat was red, and was grown at O. P. Taylor's farm, in Granville county, N. C.

## GEN. LANE.

By a letter in the Warrenton News from T. J. Green, Esq., we learn that Gen. Jos. Lane contemplates visiting his native country in this State, at an early day. He will pass through Raleigh and up the N. C. Railroad to Asheville.

## REV. T. N. RALSTON.

Rev. T. N. Ralston, late Rector of Trinity Church Cincinnati has dissolved his connection with the Episcopal Church and returned to the Methodist, with which he had been formerly connected. The Illinois Conference is to be his field of operations.

## ATLANTIC FEMALE COLLEGE.

A correspondent writing from Morehead City, N. C., the terminus of the Atlantic Railroad, says: "Things are looking up in this new City.—The citizens held a meeting on the 25th ult., to consider the propriety of establishing a Female College here. They agreed to make the effort and fixed upon \$20,000 for the capital stock; thirteen thousand dollars, was immediately subscribed and the balance will no doubt be obtained. It is to be called the Atlantic Female College."

## THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N.C.

Saturday, July 2, 1860.

C. C. COLE, Editors and Proprietors.

J. W. ALBRIGHT, Contributors.

**Contributors.**—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CAMPBELL, D.D., GEO. W. COOPER, R. G. STAPLES,  
W. H. HUNTER, R. G. STAPLES,  
J. STARR HOLLOWAY, STEPHEN F. MILLER,  
Mrs. L. H. SHERMAN, PROF. F. P. ROBERTS,  
J. W. COLE, M. T. C. SMITH,  
S. J. C. WHITFIELD, FINLEY JOHNSON,  
MARY W. JAYNE, LOTTER LINWOOD,  
WILLIAM B. BROWN, CHARLES L. LEE,  
J. W. COLE, A. P. PUGH STREET,  
C. H. DUNN, M. T. C. SMITH,  
ANNIE HATFIELD, PROF. F. P. ROBERTS,  
GEORGE HENWOOD, MARY C. L. LEE,  
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, MARY E. C. SMITH,  
ED. ST. GEORGE COOPER, JULIA SOUTHERN,  
GRIFFITH J. MORRIS, MARY M. SMITH,  
and others. J. C. FITZGERALD and others.

## The "Secret Spring."

Nature furnishes man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honor. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many does more than repay those wounds they have received in the combat. It is an eminent writer's opinion, that Julius Caesar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would, in all probability, have made an excellent wrestler.

Great Julius, on the mountains bled,  
A flock perhaps or herd had lost;  
He that the world subdued, had lost  
But the best wrestler on the green.

That he subdued the world was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge; had he not met with these advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature.

Therefore, if you have ambition, aspire to something noble and generous, which, accomplished, will leave an example and fame for the good to praise and to emulate.

## Promoted Young Men.

There is a common prejudice in the world to the promotion of Young Men to offices of responsibility. And this prejudice is especially powerful and wide spread in North Carolina. Young men, who while in this State remained in obscurity, have gone to other states, and risen up in a few years to places of high distinction. We do not suppose that the mere emigration increased their talents, but that a career there opened to them where their native powers could shine out in their native lustre. How many noble sons has the Old North State lost by this suicidal policy.

When a young man enters the track of life ready to run a brilliant career, the bit of a senseless prejudice and the fitter of old-fogyism are put upon him and he is left to chafe and tramp a tread-mill ring until the vivacious alacrity of youthful animation and the robust vigor of body are spent in vain.

The question to be decided by our people is not whether a man has a right to recommend him or not, but has he the necessary qualifications to fill the place competently. Talent and character irrespective of age or the distinction of noble birth, should be the ground of promotion. Some minds mature rapidly, others slowly. Hence it is that some men are better qualified at 20 years of age, than others at 50, to fill responsible stations in church or state. The history of the world shows that young men of rapid mental growth can achieve imperishable honors. Some of the world's most famous men reared their monuments of glorious renown during the youthful vigor of life. Alexander, the conqueror of the whole civilized world, was only 33 years old when he died.—Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France when 33 years of age. Pitt, the younger, was 21 years of age when in Britain's parliament he boldly advocated the cause of the American Colonies; and but 22 when made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Edmund Burke, at the age of 25 was the first Lord of the Treasury. Our own great and good Washington was but 25 when he covered the retreat of the British at Braddock's defeat and was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. Alexander Hamilton, at 30, was a Lieutenant-Colonel and Aid to Washington; at 25 a member of Congress, and at 32 Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but 26 when he drafted the ever memorable Declaration of Independence; and at the age of 30 years Sir Isaac Newton occupied a professor's chair at Cambridge College, England, having by his scientific discoveries at that early age rendered his name immortal.

## How Congress Elects.

In the history of our country the election of its chief Magistrate has devolved twice upon the House of Commons; and since there are so many candidates now in the field, and a doubt existing whether any one can command the majority of the votes of the electoral college, much is said about the manner of voting, and the chances of the candidates, in the respective branches of Congress. It may be interesting, as well as useful, therefore, to give the following succinct statements upon this subject.

The House of Representatives has nothing whatever to do with the election of a Vice President, nor the Senate with the election of a President. The powers of each body are distinct and entirely independent of the other.

If no President be chosen by the electors, the House of Representatives may choose the President, their choice being restricted to the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three on the list of those voted for for President.

If no Vice President be chosen by the electors, the Senate shall choose the Vice President from the two highest numbers on the list of those voted for for Vice President.

If the House fails to elect a President before the 4th of March next following, then the Vice President, whether elected by the electors or by the Senate, shall act as President.

The rule or manner of voting under which the Senate chooses a Vice President, is exactly the reverse of that which governs the House in choosing a President—each being the reverse of the general principle or basis upon which the respective bodies are organized. The House representing the people, and ordinarily voting *per capita*, vote for President by States, the representation from each State having one vote, and a majority of all the States being necessary to a choice. The Senate representing the States—in theory, at least, and in the manner of electing Senators—vote for President, *per capita*, each Senator being entitled to a vote, and a majority of all the Senators being necessary to a choice.

## TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A terrible accident occurred in the town of Delhi, N. Y., recently, which resulted in the death of a little girl seven years old. The parties to the sad occurrence were Wm. Scott, a lad seventeen years old, and his half-sister, Elizabeth Doby, the victim. The boy had been sent to take the cows to pasture, the little girl accompanying him. He had with him a piece of rope, with which he was to bring back some hay. On his way he playfully tied one end of the rope around the body of his sister, and the other end to the cow's tail.

When the cow had prodded a short distance in this way, followed by the girl, the latter stumbled and fell, which so frightened the cow that she ran off at a furious rate, drawing the poor girl after her. After running some distance, the girl's head struck a solid rock, crushing in the skull, and at the same time the cow's tail pulled out, so great was the force of the instance. The girl was also badly cut around the face, neck and head.

She was taken up by the boy and carried home, where she breathed but two or three times before expiring. The boy is said to be rather deficient in intellect.

## SEVERE HAIL STORM.

We are informed by a gentleman from the country, that a severe hail storm passed over the southern portion of Wayne county on last Tuesday. He mentions one farmer who lost his whole crop of wheat—about one hundred acres—and that his corn crop was injured at least one-half. The hail was very heavy, covering the earth entirely over in many places; it was also accompanied by heavy rain and wind, sweeping off the fences around the farm and blowing down two or three houses. How far the storm extended, we have not heard. It reached a portion of Duplin county.—*W.H. Journal.*

## THE COTTON CROP.

For some time past the weather in this section has been so bad that the planters of Edgecombe begin to consider their cotton crops in imminent danger, if not already seriously injured. Hopes, however, are yet entertained that a cheering sun will soon divest the tender plants of their yellowish garb.—*Tarboro N.C. Mercury.*

A professor in a certain college was expatiating to a pupil on the merits of Latin, and cited a specimen. "You will observe from the word *Pater*," said the professor, "the flexibility of the Latin language. *Pater* is father, and here we have *Patrum*, an uncle on the father's side. Can you make any such change in your language?" *Pater*, patrum, patrump, is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?" "I don't think of any," replied the hopeful young philologist, "unless you can get him to marry your aunt." The professor has not been heard of since.

Moderate desires constitute a character fitted to acquire all the good which the world can yield. He who is prepared in whatever situation he is therewith to be content, has learned the science of being happy; and possesses the alchemical stone which will change every metal into gold.—*Dwight.*

Those two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock were disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused the other of using wit in the controversy.—"Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

## The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

THE HISTORY OF CAROLINA, containing the exact description and natural history of that country, together with the present State thereof, and a journal of a thousand miles traveled thro' several nations of Indians, giving a particular account of their customs, manners, &c. &c. By John Lawson, Gent. Surveyor General of North Carolina. Printed in London, 1714. Reprinted in Raleigh by O. H. Perry & Co., 1860.

We are indebted to Mr. Perry, the excellent and gentlemanly State Librarian, for a copy of this rare and interesting book. Of its narrow escape from utter oblivion, and the causes which led to the worthy enterprise of getting up a new edition, as well as something of the character of the book, we have an article from the Raleigh Register, written by a gentleman of fine literary attainments:

When our capitol was burnt in 1831 a great regret was felt, that what was then believed to be the only copy in existence of this quaint old History, was consumed in the flames. The kind-hearted and patriotic Madison heard of this regret, and presented the State with a copy, which happened to have been preserved among his large collection of books. The book is now before us, and on its fly-leaf, in Madison's own hand-writing, is the following inscription:

Presented by  
JAMES MADISON  
To the  
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
1831.

This copy and one which somehow found its way into the University Library, were the only copies known to exist of that rare old work. Our State Librarian, fearing some future conflagration or other accident, by which "Lawson's History" might be irretrievably lost, has just presented the North Carolina public with a second edition.

The original, resplendent with the color of antiquity, having been greatly thumbed, and somewhat besmirched by amateurs, in its dusky corner of our library, way up stairs, at our capitol, (for the enthusiastic Librarian treasured it as a gem, the holiness of his cabinet, which could not be allowed to leave even temporarily its congenial cobwebs,) has by the kind charity of Mr. Perry, and two or three associates, been induced in a new and costly apparel, and sent out into the world.

We like the "old clo" better ourselves though somewhat tattered and torn. The smell of antiquity is with us like unto the odor of ripe peaches. The musty fragrance of this quaint and funny old book, with its old paper, coarse and embrowned, with its awful spelling and misplaced capitals, has many a time and oft at stolen intervals in that quiet sleeve, seemed unto us refreshing as the roses that bloomed in '61, gave out their odors in the gardens of Gaul. But ours may not be the taste of the public. At least the public could not have the benefit of these precious stolen intervals which we have so greatly prized.

To accommodate the public, therefore, their kind friends at the capitol have rigged out the jolly old gentleman in modern habiliments for a public exhibition, and right well have they arrayed him. His clothes are all of North Carolina manufacture, made to fit, and to fit well, by North Carolina Book Tailors, (Messrs. Strother & Marcom printers, and DeCarteret & Armstrong bookbinders, of Raleigh,) and honest, laughing old "John Lawson, Gent. and Surveyor General of North Carolina," will, if he gets his deserts, be received with a hearty welcome to the parlor and fireside of every North Carolina gentleman who has a taste for antiquarian lore and a relish for the queer humor and broad fun, as well as useful information, which characterize the book.

Poor old John Lawson! He fell a victim to his love of adventure, and was slain by the Indians. He was lost, but his work was saved.

This new edition contains about 400 pages, beautifully printed, in large legible type, and is for sale by O. H. Perry, price \$2.

FIVE YEARS IN CHINA. With some account of the Great Rebellion, and a description of St. Helena. By Charles Taylor, M.D., (formerly Missionary to China,) Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Nashville, Tenn., J. B. Mozer's publisher, New York: Derby & Jackson, 1860.

In 1848, Dr. Taylor went as a Missionary to China from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He labored faithfully in that work for several years, being one of the most energetic as well as successful missionaries ever sent to that difficult field of labor. The health of his most amiable and excellent wife failing, he has been compelled to desist from this useful field of labor and to return to the United States. Since his return, thousands have listened with the deepest interest to his public lectures on "China," and many thousands more have anxiously desired to hear him, and to hear of China. We are happy to know that they ad may now be gratified, and in a manner peculiarly gratifying. A book is now open before us from which we read a brief, but pointed preface: "Many, both friends and strangers, in different parts of the country, where I have conversed and lectured on China, have repeatedly urged me to make a book. I have at last made one, and here it is."

Yes, here is a book which we have read with very great interest. Nothing, which we have ever examined, has given us so clear a view of the civil, social and religious condition of the Chinese, their manners and customs, their mode of living, their degradation, and their bigoted superstitions. Dr. Taylor is an interesting narrator. He has a happy art at presenting to the reader just what was presented to his own eye. There is nothing dull

nor dry in the book; it produces in the reader more the feeling of actual sight seeing himself, as if he was standing side by side with the narrator, beholding as he beheld what is herein unfolded.

The book commences with the "parting" at Boston, and in a brief chapter describing the usual course of vessels from the United States to China, the Missionary arrives, after an interval of ninety days without seeing land, at the island of Java, when he meets with the first Pagans. They were Malays. He thus describes them:

The natives were of a dark copper color; tall, straight, and well proportioned. They generally wore only a piece of cotton cloth about the middle, and another wrapped around the head. They blacken their teeth by chewing betel-nut, for the sage reason that dogs have white teeth! Some of them had procurements from ships, as they frequently pass these waters, various articles of civilized costume; but being ignorant as to the proper mode of putting them on, they often presented the most ludicrous figures imaginable. One fellow had an old broadcloth dress-coat next to his skin, then a dilapidated vest over that, and a shirt outside of all; his legs, in the meantime, being in a state of native nudity. Thus attired, he and his comrades, in equally grotesque habiliments, paced up and down the deck of our vessel (for they had come on board to sell fruit,) with as lordly an air as if they owned the ship.

Spending several days upon this island, his vessel again sailed, and in a few days was safely through the perilous waters of the Archipelago, into the China sea. Here was seen sunsets more gorgeously glorious than ever before witnessed. The varied shapes, hues, brilliancy and beauty of the evening clouds, as they rolled along up the sky in piled-up splendor and magnificence, suggested a possible resemblance to the heaven built palaces and gilded battlements of the New Jerusalem.

Arriving in China at his proper work, the book is then full with descriptions of the country, the cities, the houses they live in, the different classes of society, from the princes to the innumerable hordes of mendicants. We will present the reader with a few paragraphs, selected at random through the book:

## SALUTATIONS.

The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, consists in each clasping and shaking his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?" is, "Have you eaten rice?" This being the great staple article of food throughout the empire, and forming the chief, and indispensable part of every meal—it is taken for granted that if you have "eaten rice," you are well.

Etiquette requires that in conversation each compliment the other and everything belonging to him, in the most laudatory style; and deprecate himself with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"  
"My insignificant appellation is Wong."  
"Where is your magnificent palace?"  
"My contemptible hut is at Suchau."  
"How many are your illustrious children?"  
"My vile, worthless brats are five."  
"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"  
"My meek, good-for-n-thing old woman is well."

Leaving his house you must *back* along out, bowing to the host and shaking your hands all the way. He follows you, doing the same, and repeating, "Slowly go, slowly, slowly go." This is to signify his reluctance at your departure.

## CHINESE BEGGARS.

One portion of the people most frequently encountered in our daily walks and most revolting in aspect, is composed of the beggars. Mendicancy constitutes a regular occupation, and is followed by vast numbers. The squalid filth and wretchedness of this class of the population is indescribable. Nearly every time I have walked through the city, I have seen one or more dead in the streets.

On one occasion, as Mrs. T. and myself were walking out, we discovered a beggar indulging in great glee over a very small dead pig which he had just found in a ditch, and at another time we saw one of the same wretched class rejoicing in the possession of a dead cat which he had picked up a moment before. Its appearance indicated that it had been dead for several days. No language can adequately describe the loathsome filth and misery of this portion of the native population. On any pleasant morning, you may see numbers of them sitting in the sunshine on the city wall, picking and eating the vermin from each other's bodies. These pitiable human beings exist in great numbers, and nothing but the Gospel, operating upon the hearts of the rulers and legislators, and changing the whole social condition of the people, can effect any permanent amelioration of this sad state of things. This leaves it doubtless already beginning to work its way silently through the great mass of this vast population.

TO CLARIFY SUGAR FOR MAKING SWEATMEATS. Put half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, and into every five pounds of sugar stir the white of an egg and let it boil. When it boils so as to rise, put in half a teacupful of water and let it boil again. Set the kettle aside for fifteen minutes, then scum it; pour off the syrup, wash the kettle, and put in the syrup with the fruit you wish to preserve.

## Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

## Directions for preserving Fruits.

## PLUMS.

There are several varieties of plums. The richest purple plum for preserving is the damson. There are of these large and small; the large are called sweet damsons; the small ones are very rich flavored. The great difficulty in preserving plums is that the skins crack and the fruit comes to pieces. The rule here laid down for preserving them obviates that difficulty. Purple gages, unless properly preserved, will turn to juice and skins; and the large horse plum (as it is generally known) completely to pieces in ordinary modes of preserving. The one recommended herein will keep them whole, full, and rich.

## TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.

Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all sound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skin it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thicker. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

## TO PRESERVE PLUMS WITHOUT THE SKINS.

Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums; cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot, and pour it over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup, with a skimmer, into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good, except for green gages, clarify it as directed.

## TO DRY PLUMS.

Split ripe plums, take the stones from them, and lay them on plates or sieves to dry in a

# THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

5

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## I'm Weary Now.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

I'm weary now—the earth is fair,  
But I its pleasures cannot share;  
The flowers, the lambs and the sky  
Are lovely, as in days gone by,  
Yet sadness hovers o'er my brow,  
And I, alas, am weary now.

I'm weary now—the smiles of spring,  
Nor birds rejoicing on the wing;  
The freshness of the opening rose,  
Which over my path its fragrance throws,  
Have not a charm to soothe my brow,  
I have no pleasure in them now.

I'm weary of earth's parting bliss,  
The fragments of my happiness—  
I'm weary of the toll and strife,  
Which darken all the joys of life,  
And hence to me the smiles of spring  
No solace for my sadness bring.

I'm weary now—the time is past,  
When joy its halo o'er me cast;  
There was a time when I could feel  
A thrill of pleasure over me steal;  
The spirit's wound is deeper now,  
The shadow darker o'er my brow.

And yet one feline joy is mine,  
Not of the earth it is divine;  
One steadfast hope pervades my breast,  
The hope of an eternal rest  
Within the spirit home, all fair—  
The soul will not be weary there.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## HELENA GRAHAM.

BY M. GENEVIEVE.

### CHAPTER V.

*The Burial at Sea.—The Discovery.*

"Tis this that makes pale living room,  
And heart, for tears, the wave  
For those who have a happy home  
To find an ocean grave."

CALVERT.

It was in the early part of November, that our travelers left Paris, and for a week, they had delightful weather, but on the evening of the eighth day, the wind rose, and towards midnight it blew a perfect hurricane; the sea looked frightful, every wave then dashed against the vessel, sounded like thunder; thus it continued for nearly two hours, then the rain came down in torrents, and the wind moderated. All hoped that the storm was over—alas, it was but a lull. Again the storm came on, the wind blowing so violently that the sailors were obliged to haul down the mainsail, this was no sooner done than the cry of "A leak, a leak" was heard, and all hands rushed to the pumps, here they worked unremittingly, yet the leak increased, until there was over four feet of water in the hold; some of the crew were sent to save the provisions, &c., several passengers took their places at the pumps, among these were Mr. Graham and his brother-in-law, and most faithfully they worked until the cry of "Our foremast's gone" was heard, and a few minutes after, the mainmast came down with a terrific crash, carrying in its fall, the mizzenmast and crushing many of those who were working on deck; oh, it was heart-rending to hear, amid that raging tempest, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks for mercy, from miserable wretches who, perhaps for years, had never bent a knee in prayer.

At daylight, there was a calm, for the fury of the storm was spent, the leak had been found and stopped—they were saved; but what a sight! the dead bodies which had not been washed overboard, were lying about, wounded and ghastly, four of them were sailors, the fifth was—Mr. Graham.

Helena who was anxiously waiting to see her father, met her uncle as he entered the cabin.

"Oh, uncle," she exclaimed, "we have spent a dreadful night, but I hope all danger is over."

"The sea is very calm now, Helena, we have every reason to believe the storm is over," he paused, then continued, "several of the crew were lost in the storm."

"Poor fellows! but where is my father? I was expecting him, when you entered."

"He has been wounded, Helena, but—"

"Wounded," cried Helena, "oh, let me go to him," and she tried to pass her uncle.

"Calm yourself, Helena, do not go on deck yet."

"Oh, I must go, he may be dying," and before her uncle could prevent her, she had rushed past him, and was on deck, among the sailors, who were standing around the dead bodies now lying side by side.

"My father, oh, my father, where is he?" she cried; the sailors moved to one side, and she beheld her father lying still and cold; with a piercing cry, she fell at his side, and the rough sailors, raising her tenderly, carried her to the cabin where Maggie and her aunt were weeping bitterly, for they had just been told of their

It was long before Helena recovered from her death-like swoon, slowly the truth broke on her mind, and tears, blessed tears, which always relieve the human heart, rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, Maggie," she murmured, "my heart is broken now."

"Dear cousin, God called him, while doing his duty, may we all be as well prepared when our turn comes."

"But oh, if he had been sick, if I could have been with him in his last moments, but to die, without a word, a look, oh, father, father,"

and again Helena gave way to her grief, her aunt and cousin trying in vain to comfort her.

It was the hour of sunset; all was calm, and the canvas was idly flapping in the gentle breeze, as the sad-hearted sailors prepared to consign the remains of their comrades to a watery grave. Many a tear was brushed off their

swarthy cheeks, as they stood around the gangway, and now each body stretched on the death-plank.

One by one they were lifted over the side of the vessel—a horrid plunge was heard, as the ocean received each victim—all was over—silently the sailors turned away, and when they spoke, it was in whispers, as though they were afraid of disturbing the dead. Oh, it was a solemn scene, that burial at sea.

As they knew Helena was not able to bear the sight, they would not let her know the hour that the burial would take place, so Maggie remained in the cabin with her, while her aunt and uncle went on deck, to see the remains of Mr. Graham consigned to the deep.

When the ship arrived at New York, the cousins were persuaded to remain with their aunt for a while, until they recovered from the fatigue of the voyage. Maggie immediately wrote to her mother, that they had arrived safe, and would be home in a week or two, also giving an account of her uncle's death.

It was late in the evening, when Joseph handed this letter, sealed with black, to his mother, remarking,

"It is from New York, who can it be from?"

"I will soon tell you," and his mother broke the seal, "from Maggie, I declare they are in New York, and—what? the old man dead?"

"Who, mother? Not Uncle Henry?"

"Yes, he died, and was buried at sea."

"My poor uncle! mother, he was our best friend."

"He was my son, and now we must look out for ourselves," and as she folded up the letter, she continued, "I wonder if he made a will?"

"All his property will go to Helena, of course," said Joseph.

"If he has made one, how I should like to get a peep at it," and Mrs. Graham picked up the lamp, and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going to, mother?" asked Joseph.

"Come with me," was all the reply she made, and without another word they left the room.

Through the long passages they went, Mrs. Graham carrying with her a large bunch of keys; stopping at length at the library door, they unlocked it and entered.

"Mother, will you tell me now, what you are going to do?"

"Hush, the will," whispered Mrs. Graham, and going towards an old fashioned desk, she patiently fitted every key on that large bunch to the lock, until she came to the last, a little odd looking one, she tried that, and oh, joy! with a loud "click" the lock sprung back.

Her long fingers were soon busy among the contents of the desk, secret drawers were opened, and every scrap of writing read.

At length she found a small package directed to "Helena," it was tied with cord, under which a small folded paper had been placed, hastily drawing this out, Mrs. Graham opened it, and as her eyes rested on the contents, she exclaimed,

"Ha! do I read aright? come here, Joseph, is my mind wandering, read!" and as she pointed to the words, Joseph read,

"To my adopted daughter Helena Meredith, I bequeath all my property, &c., &c.

"Joseph, who ever thought of such a thing?"

"I am indeed astonished, Mother, for I always thought Helena was his own child."

"Of course we did, how fortunate I thought of coming up here to-night."

"He has left her all his property, any how," said Joseph.

"But if the will was never found, you know, Mr. Graham's sister in New York, and ourselves, are the nearest relatives, don't you see?"

"There is an if in the way mother, the will is made."

"But it shall never be found," and Mrs. Graham tightly grasped the paper she held, "Have we not a better right to his property, than she has, if she is not his child?"

"But mother, you would not—"

"Speak low, Joseph, we may be heard, I will take care of the will. But we must now see who Helena really is."

She then opened the package directed to Helena. It contained a small portrait of a lady, painted on ivory, around this was wrapped a letter, which Mrs. Graham read aloud to her son, then folding it exactly as she found it, she remarked,

"Some strange things we have learned to-night, Joseph, but the prospect of being rich, does not seem to please you."

"I am thinking of poor Helena, mother."

"Pshaw! if you play your cards well, she will not refuse you now, for she will hardly like the idea of earning her own living, after being raised up in luxury."

"But mother you will not destroy the will?"

"Oh no, not yet, I have just thought of a good place to hide it," and Mrs. Graham after locking the desk and the library door, mounted another flight of stairs, followed as before by Joseph.

This time they entered the loft, where old furniture &c., was stowed away. From nails in the rafters hung some old clothes, which had long since been cast away by Mr. Graham; in the far corner of the garret hung an old drab coat, upon this Mrs. Graham's eyes rested, and going towards it she said,

"See here Joseph, I will put it in the breast pocket of this old coat, no one will ever think of looking for it here, and should Helena still persist in refusing you, we can destroy it any time. But if she accepts you, it will be easy to bring forward the old coat, it will be thought that Mr. Graham put the will there, while he was wearing it and forgot it, then the whole

of the property will go to your wife, instead of only a share, don't you see Joseph?"

"It is a dangerous business mother, but to win Helena, I would risk anything," then with a sigh he continued "if you are ready, mother, we will go down, for though it is a cold night, the air up here is stifling."

"You know, it is all for your sake, my son" and with a parting look at the old coat, so that she would be sure to know it again, this unprincipled woman followed her weak-minded son down stairs, when they spent a couple of hours more, in laying out plans for the future.

### CHAPTER VI.

*The Mother's Letter.—The Lost Will.*

"God keep my child!" we heard her say and heard "No more."

It wanted but two weeks of Christmas, when Helena and Maggie bade their aunt farewell, and accompanied by their uncle, once more stood in the old house, but oh, how desolate it appeared to Helena, to turn where she would, she beheld something to remind her of her father, nor could she restrain her tears, when Caesar, Mr. Graham's faithful dog, came bounding into the room, and tried every means in his power to show how glad he was to see them, but as soon as he missed his beloved master, he crouched down at Helena's feet, and whined so pitifully, they were obliged to have him taken from the room.

Your adopted mother and myself are sisters; seven years ago from this date, I was a happy girl in my father's home. We were wealthy and saw a great deal of company, but it was at a ball, given when I was eighteen, that I met Frank Meredith, your father, he was young, handsome, and an artist by profession.

We were introduced and his fascinating manners soon won my heart. But my parents were ambitious, and would not hear of me marrying a poor artist, so we ran away, and were married.

On the day following their return, Helena was visited by Lawyer Eldridge, she received him kindly, for as far back as she could remember, he was always a welcome visitor, and now more than ever did she value the old man's friendship. To him she weeping related all the circumstances of her father's death, and truly did he sympathize with her, for Mr. Graham and himself had been personal friends for many years.

When Helena had concluded, Mr. Eldridge began to walk up and down the room, with his arms folded behind him, as was his custom, when anything important claimed his attention, at length stopping before Helena, he said, "My child, you have suffered much lately, your face plainly shows it, you have lost your parents, but think, Helena, how many orphans are left to struggle with poverty: this is not your case, and you know, as long as one has wealth, they will not want for friends.

"Mr. Graham made a will, leaving all his property to you, but before that will is read, it is my duty to inform you of what you have been heretofore ignorant," taking her hand, he continued, "Helena, you have always thought yourself to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham?"

"Thought, Mr. Eldridge, why should I ever doubt it?"

"Then you never even suspected that you were not?"

"Never, sir, oh Mr. Eldridge, tell me the worst, and end this suspense."

"I will Helena, your own mother was Mrs. Graham's sister, she died in France when you were an infant; but come let us summon your aunt and cousin to the library, for there is a letter in Mr. Graham's private desk that will explain all to you."

As they left the room, he continued,

"I am glad you hear this so calmly, Helena, for I have been dreading this interview."

"My mind is so confused, I hardly know what to think or say."

"Poor child, let us end this business quickly that you may then have some rest."

Entering the room where Mrs. Graham, Joseph, and Maggie were anxiously waiting for the interview to be over, he said,

"Friends, if you please we will now see how my departed friend wished his property to be disposed of," and he led the way to the library, when they were all seated, Mr. Eldridge going towards the desk and asked "if any person knew where the key belonging to the desk was?" there was a silence of a few seconds until Helena replied—

"Here are two keys, which were found in my father's—Mr. Graham's pocket," the last words were scarcely audible.

Mr. Eldridge took them from her, and with one hand on the desk, he said,

"My friends before we proceed further, I might as well inform you that Miss Helena, was only the niece and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham but—"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, Joseph was silent, and Helena throwing herself into Maggie's arms murmured,

"Oh cousin, my cup of sorrow is full."

Mr. Eldridge continued:

"It was Mr. Graham's wish, that she should never know it, as long as he lived. I was the only person in his confidence, and it was only some five years ago when he was making his will, that he made me acquainted with the facts."

While Mr. Eldridge was speaking he had raised the lid of the desk, he now drew forth a small package, and turning it round and round, said,

"This is the letter I was telling you about Helena, but the will has been removed, it was put under this cord, by Mr. Graham, in my presence, it cannot have worked out—this is very strange."

He searched among the other papers, but in vain; turning to Mrs. Graham, he said sternly,

"Madam, can you tell me, has any person been to this desk, since Mr. Graham left home?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir," she replied, calmly.

"This is indeed strange, Mr. Graham has repeatedly told me, that this desk contained all his private papers. The will has been removed but not by Mr. Graham's hand, for he would have destroyed this package also," then turning to Helena, he said,

"Take this to your room, my child, and read it. I will see you again."

And while Mr. Eldridge was searching in every imaginable place for the lost will, Helena had opened the package, and after gazing for some time on the beautiful portrait of her own mother, she proceeded to read the letter, which ran thus:

"ROSEN, 18—

*My Dear Helena, my Daughter:* When you read this, the hand of your mother which penned it, will be cold in death, and years will

have passed since she was laid in her grave.

"Joseph, it is useless to urge me any more, I can never love you, for my heart is given to another, although I can never be his, let this be your final answer," and Helena rose to leave

the room, Joseph endeavored to prevent her, but there was something so determined in her look, that he let her pass, and throwing himself on the sofa, remained there until his mother rejoined him, when he related

## THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

window where it had been the custom of Mr. Graham to sit and read—on the pictures—the books, until the tears blinded her, and she could see no more.

She bade farewell to the servant girls, and gave them each a present; they all loved Helena, and her own maid cried bitterly, because she could not go with her.

Helena hired a strange porter to carry her trunk, &c., and hurriedly drawing a veil over her face, she left the house.

That afternoon she commenced her life as seamstress.

(To be continued.)

## THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TERMS.—Single subscriber, \$2 per year, in advance; class of ten and over, \$1 50 each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copy sent gratis, application. Address—

COLE &amp; ALBRIGHT.

Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are entitled thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Female Medical College.

The Faculty of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania have issued the announcement for the eleventh annual session, to commence on Wednesday, the 17th of October, 1860, and continue five months. The announcement says the Faculty consider as settled facts, that women are to be physicians, that the study and the practice of medicine are admirably adapted to their nature, and that the world and the profession need them, and will be the better for them, and they desire those who go forth as the alumnæ of this school, to be so thoroughly fitted for their office, as to claim and receive at once the confidence and respect of the community and the profession.

The curriculum of study in this institution and the requirements for graduation, are in all respects as high as those of the best medical schools in this country. The candidates must have been engaged in the study of medicine for three years, and must have attended in different years, two courses of lectures on each of the following subjects: *Chemistry and Toxicology, Anatomy and Histology, Material Medica and General Therapeutics, Physiology and Hygiene, Principles and Practice of Medicine, Principles and Practice of Surgery, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children*, and must also have taken two courses of instruction in *Practical Anatomy*, and presented a *Thesis* on some medical subject of her own composition and penmanship.

## Arrival of the Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern arrived in New York last week, after a safe and successful voyage. The New York papers are filled with all kinds of details, some items interesting, but most generally tedious and tiresome.

The Great Eastern is, undeniably, a mammoth affair. The deck is a curiosity in itself, and on first sight is apt to strike the beholder with amazement. Imagine yourself standing on one end of it and gazing the eighth of a mile, upon a smooth and unbroken promenade. Look at the 6500 yards canvas flapping from six tall masts above, almost as far as the eye can reach, and at the great stacks, which emit huge volumes of smoke almost constantly. Then lean over the sides, and away down below, some forty-five feet, see the water. In a short time you may begin to comprehend that all is a reality and not a dream. There are telescopes at both ends of the deck, for on this vessel it would be hard to plainly discern at one end what is going on at the other, and the captain, after seeing by the aid of a magnifier, what is to be done, turns to a telegraphic apparatus, and by the lightning's aid transmits his orders to those out of speaking distance.

She is more than twice as long as our own noble Niagara—being 800 feet from stem to stern, and in bulk, is over four times as large. Her construction required 30,000 iron plates, weighing in the aggregate 10,000 tons, and to fasten these together not less than 3,000,000 of bolts were required. The aggregate weight of these bolts is about 20,000,000 of pounds. There is room for a comfortable disposition of 4,000 passengers, divided as follows: First class 800, second class 2,000, third class 1,200; besides these there is plenty of room for the engineers and crew, numbering three hundred and fifty. It is estimated that in case of pressing necessity, ten thousand soldiers could be placed on board, and comfortably provided for.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York; \$2 a year, \$1 for six months.

On the first of July, a new volume of this publication will be commenced. A test of its value is the fact that it has already attained a circulation of thirty thousand copies per week, and we have no doubt the improvements which the editors are continually making, will be the means of adding annually to its circulation. We have often recommended the *Scientific American* to Planters and Mechanics, fully assured that, in the mechanical department, they would reap greater benefits from the perusal of its attractive and instructive pages than could be gained from any other source for many times the price of its subscription. It is justly regarded, at home and abroad, as the best weekly publication devoted to mechanical and industrial pursuits now published, and no person engaged in mechanical pursuit should consider himself fully qualified for his labors, or up to the improvements of the age without it.

## Douglas and Breckinridge.

The following papers in North Carolina have raised the names of Breckinridge and Lane to the head of their editorial columns: *Wilmington Journal*, *Fayetteville Carolinian*, *Raleigh Press*, *Fayetteville Courier*, *Salisbury Banner*, *Goldsboro Tribune*, *Charlotte Democrat*, *Goldsboro Rough Notes*, *Tarboro Mercury*, *Wilson Star of Freedom*, and *Warren News*.

The Raleigh *Standard* still favors Douglas, but refuses to take decided stand for either candidate against the other. It advises one and the same electoral ticket for both names, the vote being cast in the electoral College for the candidate receiving the larger vote.

Some of the papers have suggested the propriety of calling a state convention, to decide upon what course to act. The Western Democrat of the 3rd says:—“Certainly there is no necessity for a convention—the democratic segment of the State is nearly unanimous for Breckinridge and Lane. We learn that already a majority of the Electors have decided for Breckinridge and Lane, and we suppose all will do so. In this District, J. A. Fox, and in the Greensboro District, Mr. J. R. McLean, we know have signified their determination to open the canvass for the States Rights ticket. Mr. Fox has an appointment to speak at Monroe today.”

## Another Division in the Methodist Church Expected.

When the great division in the Methodist Episcopal Church took place in 1844, on account of certain steps taken on the question of slavery, a few slaveholding conferences remained in connection with the Northern branch. It is with these slaveholding conferences the difficulty now exists.

The non slaveholding possessing so large a majority in the General Conference, gradual aggressions have been made upon the rights of the slave holding and so strong was the position taken against slavery at the late General Conference, that the slaveholding conferences are agitating another division. Numerous public meetings are being held and the agitation appears to be in real earnest. The following extract from the Baltimore Christian Advocate, organ of the Baltimore Conference, discusses the “new Chapter on Slavery,” recently incorporated in the Methodist Discipline by the General Conference at Buffalo, New York. It is from the pen of Dr. B. and the talented editor of that paper, and states the question clearly:

The new chapter is as follows:—Ques. What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?

Ans. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of Slavery. We believe that buying, selling, or holding of human beings to be used as chattels, is inconsistent with the golden rule, and with that rule of our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us to do no harm and avoid evil of every kind. We therefore, affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all means.

Such, then, is the present Discipline. It condemns all slaveholders by rule, and by commentary excuses only in such cases as we have mentioned. Real slaveholding it concludes to be sin against God, and a violation of the Discipline of our Church. The chapter is advisory, but advisory of action against slaveholding members. It advises preachers and others to deal with such as immoral, and violators of our Rule, and excommunicate them by the “lawful means” provided in the Discipline.

At first sight many will think that the new chapter is weaker than the old, and that the General Conference has made concessions to the Border—but a little careful consideration will vindicate the majority of the Conference from the charge of extreme stupidity involved in such a conclusion. That body knew what they were about, and when they urged this chapter as a progressive action on the slavery question, they were not so silly as not to comprehend its meaning. It is artfully constructed. The barb is carefully covered by the bait, but a moment's examination bares the steel.

The old chapter declared slavery to be a great evil—but carefully abstained from calling it a sin. It forbade a slaveholder to have official station in the church, but qualified the prohibition so widely as to leave obedience to the precept almost optional with a society.

In fact it was a sort of sliding scale of officiality, to be worked by the sentiment of locality. The chapter also forbade traveling preachers to hold slaves—but it did not place the prohibition upon moral grounds. It left room for the explanation that the “evil” in the case of preachers, was in the embarrassment of their work.

The old chapter also directed our preachers to enforce upon our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the Word of God, and allowing them to attend upon the public worship of God on our regular days of divine worship—but even this the preachers were instructed to do “prudently.” As an answer to the Titanic question—what shall be done for the extirpation of slavery? the old chapter was as the mowing of a kitten to the crash of thunder. So far as our private members were concerned, it only required them to listen to a “prudent” suggestion on the part of the preachers to teach their slaves to read the Bible and let them go to church on Sundays. A suggestion which probably was never offered, simply because it was not needed. Our members, under the old chapter, were permitted to hold slaves, with no other restrictions than those enforced by their own conscience. The church threw the responsibility upon them.

The relation was not declared to be sinful, but only “evil.” The church might have said as much of Malaria. The character, degree, determination, remedy of the “evil”—of all these the church said nothing. In fact, the church might as well have said nothing at all for there was no practical use in what it said. The new chapter declares that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings as chattels is inconsistent with the law of Christ and with

the rule in our discipline which requires all who remain among us to “do no harm.”

This is a plain declaration, that slaveholding is a sin against God and the Discipline—a singular duality in which we suppose the latter element superfluous: did we not perceive the necessity of looking to some other quarter than revelation for the support of the declaration. The word “sin” is carefully excluded—the idea is conveyed in the circumlocution inconsistent with the “golden rule.” The distinction “as chattels,” is introduced with the evident purpose of creating ambiguity, and shading the meaning of the precept. This law term is not commonly understood. The people have been led to confound “chattels” with “estate” or something of that kind. They suppose that by holding slaves as chattels, is meant holding them with the same views and feelings as they hold horses; and dealing with their servants as though they had neither mind nor soul, thought nor sensibility. It is in this sense the term is often tauntingly used toward them. Now in truth, “chattel” means nothing but moveable or personal property—something else than real estate, and unless a man holds slaves as real estate, he must hold them as chattels. The committee of Slavery intended, by the use of this word, to exclude from censure such slaveholding as they described in their report as tolerable, that is, purely benevolent slaveholding—over the young, rear them for emancipation—over the old providing for their infirmity—and over all to whom bondage is a legal necessity during their transit to freedom. Such cases, the committee intended to exclude, by using the word *chattel*, but in their ignorance they have brought even the benevolent class of slaveholders under condemnation and declared them sinners before God, if they avail themselves of their legal authority over their servants, for none of them have a real estate in a negro.

All slaveholding is, by this chapter, declared to be a sin. It effectively creates a new term of membership in our church, for it declares all cases of slaveholding to be amenable under the General Rule forbidding “all harm.” After having laid down this rule, the General Conference proceeded to “abolish” all our preachers and people to keep themselves from this great evil.” What more could they have said about Mormonism? and “to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means?” What more could they have said of any sin? Having declared slaveholding to be a sin, the Discipline calls upon preachers and people to seek its extirpation by all means except such as are lawless and wicked. The word “affectionately” sounds sweetly, but it is not applied to qualify the manner of the “extirpation,” but only the tone of the admonition. The inquisitors used even more kindly words when they surrendered the victim to the “secular arm”—as they benignantly term the executioner.

Such, then, is the present Discipline. It condemns all slaveholders by rule, and by commentary excuses only in such cases as we have mentioned. Real slaveholding it concludes to be sin against God, and a violation of the Discipline of our Church. The chapter is advisory, but advisory of action against slaveholding members. It advises preachers and others to deal with such as immoral, and violators of our Rule, and excommunicate them by the “lawful means” provided in the Discipline.

Can we remain in a connection where we must live in perpetual rebellion against its law? Can we honorably continue in a fraternity of churches when our only right to be in, is the impossibility for the others to put us out? Can we obey the present Discipline?—Can we remain in connection with the other churches and disobey it? Will it be for glory of God to submit to the present chapter and try to practice upon it? These are questions for our readers to answer.

An old man, Stephen Grindell, was robbed in Dale county, Ala., of \$5,000, a few days since. He has been nearly distracted since the occurrence.

A Mrs. Coleman, living near Cooksville, Miss., was struck by lightning, and had her head torn entirely from her body.

A subscription has been opened in Boston for the purpose of raising money for a monument to the memory of Gen. Putnam.

The Democrats of Michigan have nominated John S. Barry for Governor.

The three candidates for the Governorship of Arkansas, are Thomas Hubbard, Richard H. Johnson, and Henry M. Reeder—“Tom, Dick, and Harry.”

Captain Courtney James, a civil engineer, son of the late G. P. R. James, is now engaged in the hydrographic surveys of the Hudson river, N. Y.

The Chicago Press of the 23d inst., states that its advice lead to the conclusion that the prospects for a full crop all over the Northwest were never better.

A gentleman employed in taking the census found in one family in Vermont twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age. The girls won't go over sixteen.

Ten years ago Wisconsin had not a single mile of railroad completed within her borders. Now nearly one thousand miles are traversed daily by the cars.

The Japanese left America on Saturday last, in the Niagara.

The unfinished roof of the Brooklyn Academy of Music was thrown down by a sudden gust of wind Friday evening, and six men badly injured.

## DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE.

The New Yorkers were too much engaged with the Great Eastern, Friday, to notice the departure of the Japanese. They were quietly bundled into a revenue cutter and sent on board the Niagara. Some of them, the papers say, “shed tears at leaving the friends they had made.” The following is the last Japanese item we are likely to have for a long time:

The five princes of the Japanese Embassy were present at a wedding ceremony, in full costume, on Wednesday last. The princes had expressed a wish to see three things especially before leaving the city—a funeral, a law suit and a wedding. The funeral and a court of law were of easy accomplishment, but a wedding of the first class, within the gorgeous light of Grace Church, and managed by Brown does not come off every day, and the Embassy was in danger of going to see without having witnessed that interesting spectacle. Of course they were particularly gratified with an invitation to a ceremony where the fashion and intellect of our city were sure to be present, and it was remarked generally that on no other occasion since their sojourn among us had the members of the Embassy exhibited so much interest, or appeared to be so highly pleased. Fortunately for the impression they will carry away of this—one of our most impressive ceremonies—the young couple were remarkable for their fine personal appearance. The bridal dress was superb as gossamer silk, châlans of lace and snowy flowers could make it; while a group of pretty bridesmaids, in pink and blue, gave a brilliant effect to the scene, enhanced on every hand by the gorgeous surroundings of the building.

The Niagara sailed Saturday at 12 P. M. for Japan.

## HARD TIMES AT THE WEST.

Though the west is gradually recovering from the effects of the revolution of 1857, which was one of unprecedented severity in that region, in consequence of the enormous loss of life, yet in certain localities there is still great depression, stagnation of business and suffering. A gentleman who has just returned from hard times abroad in the shape of fine buildings unoccupied, and others of high cost rented for a nominal sum. Stores, which a few years since brought readily \$500 per annum, now command less than \$100. The rents only had the money to purchase eggs selling for five cents per dozen and butter for ten cents per pound.

## NEW WHEAT.

A lot of 200 bushels of newly threshed wheat and the first of the season, from Virginia, was sold in Philadelphia, on “Change, Friday, for \$2 per bushel.

## COMMERCIAL.

## Greensboro Market.

Exported expressly for *The Times*, by B. L. Cole.

Bacon 12c. M. beef 50c. Beef, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, eggs 12c, candles, tallow 20c, 25c, liniment 25c, soap 10c, corn 10c, meat 10c, chickens 10c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c, flour 8c, bacon 5c, lard 12c, butter 15c, candles 10c, soap 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, eggs 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 100c, 105c, 110c, 115c, 120c, 125c, 130c, 135c, 140c, 145c, 150c, 155c, 160c, 165c, 170c, 175c, 180c, 185c, 190c, 195c, 200c, 205c, 210c, 215c, 220c, 225c, 230c, 235c, 240c, 245c, 250c, 255c, 260c, 265c, 270c, 275c, 280c, 285c, 290c, 295c, 300c, 305c, 310c, 315c, 320c, 325c, 330c, 335c, 340c, 345c, 350c, 355c, 360c, 365c, 370c, 375c, 380c, 385c, 390c, 395c, 400c, 405c, 410c, 415c, 420c, 425c, 430c, 435c, 440c, 445c, 450c, 455c, 460c, 465c, 470c, 475c, 480c, 485c, 490c, 495c, 500c, 505c, 510c, 515c, 520c, 525c, 530c, 535c, 540c, 545c, 550c, 555c, 560c, 565c, 570c, 575c, 580c, 585c, 590c, 595c, 600c, 605c, 610c, 615c, 620c, 625c, 630c, 635c, 640c, 645c, 650c, 655c, 660c, 665c, 670c, 675c, 680c, 685c, 690c, 695c, 700c, 705c, 710c, 715c, 720c, 725c, 730c, 735c, 740c, 745c, 750c, 755c, 760c, 765c, 770c, 775c, 780c, 785c, 790c, 795c, 800c, 805c, 810c, 815c, 820c, 825c, 830c, 835c, 840c, 845c, 850c, 855c, 860c, 865c, 870c, 875c, 880c, 885c, 890c, 895c, 900c, 905c, 910c, 915c, 920c, 925c, 930c, 935c, 940c, 945c, 950c, 955c, 960c, 965c, 970c, 975c, 980c, 985c, 990c, 995c, 1000c, 1005c, 1010c, 1015c, 1020c, 1025c, 1030c, 1035c, 1040c, 1045c, 1050c, 1055c, 1060c, 1065c, 1070c, 1075c, 1080c, 1085c, 1090c, 1095c, 1100c, 1105c, 1110c, 1115c, 1120c, 1125c, 1130c, 1135c, 1140c, 1145c, 1150c, 1155c, 1160c, 1165c, 1170c, 1175c, 1180c, 1185c, 11

## Miscellaneous News Items.

## THE INSURRECTION PARTY.

A SHAKERESS RUNS OFF AND GETS MARRIED. It is well known that the Shakers do not marry. The sexes are kept entirely separate. But sometimes human nature bursts out among the younger brethren and sisters, and they go off and get married. The doors of Shakerdom are forever after barred against them while they live as man and wife. The Shaker village at Warrensville, some six miles from the city, was recently the scene of an elopement.

Lizzie Martin was adopted by the Society when she was eight years old. At that age she thought celibacy was a very nice arrangement. But when she reached the interesting age of seventeen, she slightly changed her mind. She encountered a pair of black eyes one day, said eyes being the property of a young man named Murry. She thought there could be no harm in those eyes, and wished the owner of them would renounce the world, adopt long waistcoats, and take up his abode with the Shakers altogether, so she could see him and talk with him every day. But the young man did not incline favorably to long waistcoats, and after he and sister Elizabeth had had a few stolen interviews, she began to doubt the pre-eminent benefits of long waistcoats herself.

The Shakers learned of these interviews, and in accordance with the teachings of their belief, tried to prevent her seeing him more. They meant well, but of course their efforts were not crowned with success. Quite the contrary. When a girl gets her mind made up that a young man is about as near right as he can be, her parents or guardians may as well "let her went" without any fuss, for she is bound to go.

On Friday last two friends of Mr. Murry, a Mr. Foot and a student in the Law College in this city, arrived near the Shaker settlement at the close of the day. They lingered near until dark, when they passed the house containing the pretty little Shakeress. She knew of their intended advent, and promptly answered the signal they gave her. Soon she appeared in the street and accompanied them to Doane's Corners, where Murry awaited her. The meeting was ardent. The young girl was attired in her plain Shaker dress, but that girl could not disguise her beauty, which is of the dazzling kind. The couple are "one" by this time, and we extend our blessing after the manner of stage fathers.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AFFECTING SCENE. Not many years since, says *Frazier's Magazine*, certain miners working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before.

Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it to the surface, and for awhile, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there, the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman who had hurried from her cot on hearing the news, came up and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgot.—The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on—a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work it is to get up coals, or even tin—but there were no dry eyes there when the grey-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

AMERICAN WINE. Vineyards covering eleven acres are just beginning to bear at Beaufort, S. C. F. E. Flory, a native of France, one of the principal cultivators, says:

"A small quantity of wine is expected to be made next vintage, which is an unusual occurrence for second year's growth. From their growth, bearing and standing, they are much more promising vines than any I have ever cultivated, or seen in many parts of Europe. I must add that our climate and soil are, so far as I have seen, very best adapted for that precious and important culture, which I am quite confident, will become one of our best in the low part and sea shores of our State."

ROYAL MARRIAGE. The London Spectator announces that the Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the British throne, will be married to a Princess of Prussia. It says: "German newspapers, solemn always and full of erudition, inform us that the particulars of this union have long been determined—arranged, in fact, at the time of the nuptials of our Princess Royal with young Prince Frederick William of Prussia. It was then settled, we are given to understand, that there should be a 'double marriage' between the royal families of Great Britain and Hohenzollers; such double marriage as we seriously contemplated a century ago by the then monarchs of England and Prussia, but unfortunately broken off at the eleventh hour, to the great grief of a certain Crown Prince Frederick no less than his late British biographer."

A T COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A. AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash.

41-42 J. F. BOONE.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PartNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.

COLE & AMIS.

## Dry Goods, &amp;c.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greenboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boys', youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of all kinds.

STYLING AND PRICE.—Nero Boots, Leather, French Calf-skin, and Shoe-leather, of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash.

41-42 J. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Look here, friends and fellow citizens, will you buy the *Map of North Carolina* for \$1.00? I will give the subscriber, or subscriber to the country news, for the large and magnificent *Map of North Carolina*, A. and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her harbors—do you know of any map of the State, now is the time.

The map is drawn by the well-known artist, Mr. George Rogers, Leather, French Calf-skin, and Shoe-leather, of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash.

41-42 J. F. BOONE.

PEACE & BEST.

Hillboro, N. C.

1860 SPRING STOCK.....1860 WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of whole dealers to his splendid stock of Confectionery. Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Candy, Preserves, Biscuits, Sodas, Nutmegs, Cordials, Syrups, Liqueurs, &c.

Matched Porte Monnaies, &c., &c.

Also a large variety of Novelties, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrival of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., &c., &c., from Baltimore and New York.

Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed.

A. BUTTS, JR.

(Successor to S. H. MARKS.)

March 23-24 No. 82 Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of

THE SOUTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE.

An article of city made Steam Refined Crashed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSELIN,

March 23-24 No. 80 Main St., Richmond, Va.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if you knowest

What we give and what we stand for!

Where the wares is warm and the price is lowest.

And the clothes are the cheapest and best in the world!

It is not at once! To S. Archer & Co's betake you.

They best can assist you to bear out your plan!

They either have got, or will supply make you.

The best suit of clothes ever seen upon man!

S. ARCHER & CO., would again

call the attention of their old friends and customers

and the rest of mankind, to their

UNRIVALLED STOCK

FASHIONABLE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING, which has been selected with their usual care and especially adapted to the wants of this community, and at

PRICES SO LOW AS TO DEFY COMPETITION!

Our Stock is complete and large, and comprises the

LASTEST STYLES

of PANTS, COATS, and JACKETS, superb stock of

PLAIN AND FANCY TIES,

SHIRTS, DRAWERS,

HATS, SHOES,

PISTOLS.

PERFUMERY, &c., &c.

We have Goods to suit the purse of every man. Whole Suits at

\$25.00 and upwards.

We were never better prepared, either in price or assortment to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

APRIL 14

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's

old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

GROCERIES, &c.

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thanking for your favor, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

APRIL 14 J. F. JOLLEE

1860 SPRING TRADE.....1860 THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA,

North Carolina and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the

coming season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,

Irish Linens, WOOL CORDS,

Woolen Linens, Tulle,

Woolen Cambrics, Farmer Drills,

Jeconies, Cottons,

Swiss and Embroidered Vestings,

Muslins, Tulle, Spool Cotton,

Bedding, Linen, &c., &c.

Plain Laines, Indian Cloth,

Plain Drills, Farmers' Strains,

Gingham, Prints, Hosiery,

English and French Drap d'Est.

Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handic.

All of the above mentioned, and some European material, to be given by experience and judgment, at

Mr. Wm. Bissell, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and up as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.

ELLIETT & DREWRY

March 31-60 No. 11 Pearl St., Richmond, Va.

Hoop SKIRTS.—Hoop Skirts, of the

best material, from 15c upwards.

APRIL 11 LANDECKER & ELINE

MEDICAL.

"Not dangerous to the Human Family."

"Rats come out of their holes to die."

R. M. MINN.

—COSTARS.—"C. S. Rat, Roach, &c. Exterminator.

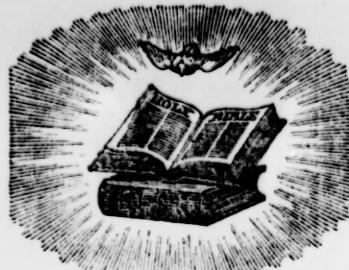
—COSTARS.—Bed-bug Exterminator.

—COSTARS.—Dust Powder for Insects, &c.

—COSTARS.—Dust Powder for Insects, &c.

—COSTARS.—"C. S. Rat, Roach, &c. Exterminator.

## Children's Department.



ENTERED BY WILLIAM E. HUNTER,  
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

## I CAN'T GET MY LESSON.

"O dear, I shall never get this lesson! It's awful hard, and I'll give it up."

So said young Fred Faintheart the other day as he sat with his elbow on the table, one hand in his hair and the other turning down dog's-ears in his book. And then he gave such a yawn that his mouth seemed stretched from ear to ear—ain't. His mother was startled by the noise, and said:

"Why, Fredy, what is the matter?"

"O, nothing, only I can't learn this lesson. It is tougher than a pine knot, and I shall give it up," replied the boy, pettishly.

"Give it up, Fredy? Never, my son. Don't let it be said that a little lesson, which a thousand other children have learned, conquered you. Remember the ant that cheered the Tartar conqueror, Timour, and master your lesson."

"Tell me about the ant, mother?"

"Timour," said his mother, "was once forced to flee from his enemies. He hid in a ruined building, and gave way to feelings of sadness. Presently he saw an ant toiling to carry a piece of food to its cell in the old wall. But its load was too heavy and Timour saw it roll back with its load *sixty-nine* times. But the *sixtieth* time it carried its point. The unfailing energy of this ant cheered the rough soldier and restored his courage. It is said he never forgot the lesson he learned from his little teacher."

"Well done little ant!" exclaimed Fredy; "I'll treat my lesson as you did your food. I guess I can get it after all."

And Fredy did get his lesson. A little effort conquered it and he jumped up with a laugh in his eye, shooting as he leaped across the floor, and saying:

"Hurray! Hurray! I've got my lesson!"

The next Sabbath Fredy's teacher looked at him with a pleasant smile at the close of a well-taught lesson. That smile passed like sunlight into the boy's heart, and I believe he seldom failed after that to conquer his lessons. I wish all the Fredies in my reading family would catch the persevering spirit, as he did, from Timour's ant.

## I CAN'T—NO, I CAN'T.

In a grim old castle, moss o'ergrown,  
A great helpless giant lives alone.  
In a dark dusty corner, silent he lies,  
Never opening his mouth except when he sighs.  
"I can't—no, I can't."

Now this great, helpless giant had strength to slay  
Any other giant crossing his way  
But nobody fears him;—little follows like you  
In short frocks and aprons, greater wonders can do.

## Than "I can't—no, I can't."

Not a word can he read, nor count up a score  
Though birthdays he's seen five thousand and more:

I wish he would die, for tired we've grown,  
Of hearing all day his sad, whining moan—  
"I can't—no, I can't."

—RHYMING GRAMMAR  
OR, THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH POETICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

- Three little words you often see  
Are Articles,—*a*, *an* and *the*.
- A Noun's the name of any thing,  
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.
- Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,  
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.
- Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—  
*Her* head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
- Verbs tell of something being done,—  
*To read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump* or *run*.
- How things are done the Adverbs tell,  
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*,
- Conjunctions join the words together,  
As *men* and *women*, *wind* or *weather*.
- The Preposition stands before  
A Noun, as *in* or *through* a door.
- The Interjection shows surprise,  
As *oh!* how pretty, *ah!* how wise.
- The whole are called nine parts of speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

## DON'T SWEAR.

Profanity is one of most offensive and disgusting habits to which unredempted humanity is given; to say nothing of its sinfulness (which every one of course understands) profane swearing is a vile, vulgar low-bred habit, from the indulgence of which a proper self-respect should restrain a man, even if he has no regard for the dictates of religion. It is a habit too, which increases with fearful rapidity, when once given way to; and we have known of instances where men who were once highly respectable, but who unfortunately contracted

this habit, have soon sunk so low as to use language in their own families, and even to swear at their wives and children.

## Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information available to the mass of society, the professional writer, the teacher, and the learner.

## HOW TO TREAT A DOG BITE.

Dr. Stephen Ware, of Boston, in his testimony in a recent case which grew out of injuries from the bite of a dog, furnished the following valuable advice:

In the case of the bite by a dog where the teeth of the animal penetrated the flesh, whether the dog was known to be mad or not, he should use the same precautions. He would wash the wound with warm water, extract all the virus possible by sucking the wound with his lips, and then cauterize it deeply with the caustic most readily obtained, but should use potash if it could be procured at once. The time in which the effects of the bite of a rabid dog would be seen, varied from two to three days to as many years, but if no effects were felt after two or three months, as a general thing the patient might feel himself safe. Bites made through clothing are seldom productive of much harm as even if the dog is mad, the clothing absorbs the virus before the teeth reach the flesh. Most of all the fatal cases occurred where the person was bitten on some naked part. Concerning the possibility of a cure in real case of hydrocephalus, nothing was said.

From the American Farmer.

HOUSE TAMING.

Farmers rely upon farm journals for the most of their information, as a general thing, and as a matter of course, humbuggery, practised on them, ought to be exposed where they can see and read it. The country at this time is flooded with a class of gentlemen calling themselves horse tamers, charging from two to ten dollars for instruction in the art—each one has large handbills, setting forth his superior qualifications as professor.

Having paid four dollars to a professor for initiation, I feel free to pronounce it (from experience) sheer and palpable humbug and causion the people generally against the share of that particular class of professors. Their systems are cruel and dangerous to the life of a horse, ruinous to his dignity, and destructive

to any gentle disposition he might before have; and should this meet the eye of any one of them, who objects to these facts, I am ready to meet him with explicit truths and a weight of testimony that will more certainly protect the unwary from their swindles. That simple application of common sense management breaks horses and puts equine professors to honest employment for a living, I think you will acknowledge.

Give me a place in the *Farmer* for this, and give your patrons a page besides, of practical reason, on the management of colts and horses and save them the folly and cost of paying a professor for an injury. Truly yours,

J. L. PATTERSON.

We have very little reliance on the results of professional horse taming for general use, but the success and the remarkable results which produce in special cases, have attracted great attention to the matter. If this shall be the means of inducing more generally the application of sound sense to the subject of training young horses, much good have been accomplished. To judge by the practice of some people, it might be supposed that to "break a colt" meant to "break his head." The higher the spirit to be conquered the greater is supposed to be the necessity for harsh treatment. But horses' nature is not very unlike human nature. Gentleness and kindness, associated it is true with firmness must be the rule of management, severity the rare exception. With farmers, too often a great fault is that a colt gets no regular training, but Tom, Dick or Harry is allowed to use or abuse him, under the pretence of gentling. Whereas, until he is established in good habits, it is better if but one person have the management of him and he a very careful, judicious, and by all means *good tempered* person. If boys are allowed to have anything to do with a colt, they must be such boys as this editor has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with.—Eo

## OSIER WILLOWS.

Land that is very wet, not susceptible of drainage, I think cannot be turned to better advantage than to be planted with osier willows. They grow extraordinarily fast and with every year the yield increases as the stools expand; and that without any trouble or expense, except the annual cutting of the crop.

A few years ago I set out several hundred cuttings that I obtained from a neighbor, and the increased yield induced me to set out all my wild land that could not be drained to advantage for grain or grass crops, with osier willows, which I am satisfied pay better than any thing else that can be produced on such land. Eight or nine feet in one year's growth is nothing extraordinary, and the number of sprouts from one stool in a single year is surprising. I set only a few days from fifty to sixty from single stools, not only three years ago. It is said that several millions of dollars worth of osier willow and willow work is annually imported, which might all be saved to our citizens, if they cared a little more for their own interests. Sets can be forwarded to any part of the country where railroads extend, since the establishment of the express enter-

prise at low rates; so that almost any one having suitable ground can obtain cuttings. They grow without difficulty forming permanent roots the first year and a small crop. The second and third year's crop will quite surprise the new beginner.

Besides what is said above of osier willows, they are also excellent for strengthening the embankments of mill dams, &c., by the numerous little roots which run to a considerable distance, forming a close matting in and on top of the ground, preventing the water from breaking through.—*Germania Telegraph*.

## Salad for the Solitary.

Wilti bushwood, Turnip roots, the one gives the greatest, the other yields the least; and both are to make the best fire.

—*Turnip Economy.*

## MAINTAINING A PRETTY FACE.

A young man is looking for a wife, sees a pretty face in a crowded assembly. He is taken with it, bows to it, courts it, falls in love with it, puts the question to it, face blushes and whispers "yes," he marries it, takes it to his little cottage, says he is house-keeping and brings of his lovely home and his handsome wife. Well! he has neither a home nor a wife—at least in nineteen out of twenty cases and he lies who says or affirms it.

Pretty face is wasted with tears because Eugene ain't as attentive as he was during the hazy moon to it—frets about it, and breaks the guitar strings. It gets to be familiar and its cheeks ain't half saved, it frets, frowns, and frets. The face and its venetian red was what he bargained for and swore to cherish, what he "paid attention to," what he courted, what he rode with, and as he sees it begin to droop and wither, he gets tired of his bargain, and would give his ears to sue—sees twenty faces prettier than her's ever was—

sweats it was a cheat, a ruse, a sham, and would willingly give his hounds and his purse to get out of the box and try his luck again. He sees it is impossible—that "face" has the nose around his neck, and he is done for ever!

The consequence. Each has a separate corner around the fire-side, and there they sit two dumb wretches condemned to the cells, evening after evening, and not a smile or a song to cheer what should be a home. "Face" sighs, becomes sallow, charred up like a dried apple and fills an old black pipe with tobacco, growls, and smokes! While he, poor fellow, but he ain't worth our ink!

## ATTACHED TO THE BOTTLE.

A Maryland editor has recently seen a curiosity fished up out of Carter's Creek. It consists of a portion of a common junk bottle, to which several oysters had grown, and the largest and probably the most disipated of the party, had grown partly into the neck of the bottle completely filling it up. Whether the oyster went into the bottle to get a drink, got tight, and could not get out, is not known, but certain it is that himself and his companions seem "very much attached to the bottle."

## READ, PAUSE, AND REFLECT.

If you wish to become a fool, be a drunkard and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to unfit yourself for rational intercourse, be a drunkard, for this will accomplish your purpose.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a drunkard; that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you wish to be robbled, be a drunkard: which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

A gentleman stepped into a tavern and saw a silly drunkard, once a respectable man, waiting for his liquor. He thus accosted him:

"Why do you make yourself the vilest of men?"

"I ain't the vilest," said the drunkard.

"You are," said the gentleman; "see how you look—drink that glass and you will be in the gutter."

"I deny your position," said the tempter?

Who—who was the wretched, Satan or (hic) Eve?"

"Why, Satan," said the gentleman.

"Well, (hic) well, behold the tempter!" pointing to the bar. The barkeeper not liking such allusion to his calling, turned the man out of his house without his dram.

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delicate compliment, "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

Not many miles from Boston two sisters, by the name of Pepper, are employed in the same establishment. One of them has red hair and goes by the name of "Red Pepper," while her sister with black hair is known as "Black Pepper." A male relative is also employed in the same place, and is called "Pepper and Salt" his hair fairly representing that mixture.

Corney and Patrik, the mason, were looking at a well made wall on Washington street near the Roxbury line, when the latter admiring the workmanship ejaculated: "Faith an' that wall won't laid in this country." "I mean," he rejoined, "that the man who built and laid that wall was never in the old country.

My son hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man?

"Jonah."

"Why so?"

"Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

## Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT,  
J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DEN- J. F. HOWLETT,  
J. T. TISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

GEORGE W. COTHEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C. will attend to my business entrusted to his care.

LEWIS M. SCOTT, WILLIAM L. SCOTT,  
SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C. will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Forsyth, Orange and Rockingham counties, and will be prompt to attend to all claims placed in his hands.

W. GRAYSON, J. GRAYSON, J. H. SLEET, W. A. SCOTT,  
A. B. BROWN, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and  
factors of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Broadway, N. Y.

CO-PARTNERSHIP—M. KELLOGG & W. M. YOUNG of Guilford have formed a partnership for manufacturing Mens' and Ladies' Cloaks, Coats, and other garments.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.